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NEXT SPRING.

BY B. T.

Their loveliness of life and leaf
  At last the waving trees have shed,
The garden ground is sown with grief,
  The gay chrysanthemum is dead.
There is no comfort in the year,
  Despair has slowly tolled his knell.
The world's existence is a tear,
  And life but one supreme farewell.
But oh, my love! remember this:
  There must be birth and blossoming;
Nature will waken with a kiss
                Next Spring!

Late, was it not? this mystic year,
  We came together—you and I?
We saw the river through a tear,
  And weeping, felt the roses die.
We dreamed and saw the swallows fled,
  The garden stripp'd of her attire,
And then, when all the world was dead,
  We both sat watching by the fire.
But oh, my love! there will begin
  Another life! the primrose-ring!
Deep woods that we must whisper in
                Next Spring!

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

MARGARET ULLSWATER raised her eyes suddenly as she addressed her mother, and I was struck by the serene beauty of their expression. They were full of poetry and passion—glorious eyes I thought them.

Then Lady Ullswater spoke again.

"My daughters have not yet recovered from the shock occasioned by your sudden appearance, as you see, Lady Dundas," she remarked.

"They cannot regret it more than I do myself," I said.

"I feel that I ought almost to apologise for existing.

"Mamma does not mean that," said Margaret Ullswater; and her voice was sweet and low.

Miss Ullswater never even looked towards me.

She rose, and went hastily over to her mother.

"Dear mamma," she said, more gently than I thought it possible for her to speak, "try not to despond. It was certainly a grievous blow to fall upon you without warning."

Then the fair-haired girl rose also, and went to her mother's side.

"Mamma," she said, "you must not grieve in this way. It may turn out better than you think."

"It will be ruin, my dear Daisy, for us—neither more nor less."

"It must be less, not more," laughed Daisy—for so they called Margaret Ullswater; "and you must try to meet it more quietly and bravely, mamma."

"How can you speak so lightly, Daisy," said Lady Ullswater sadly, "when you know all there is at stake?"

My face was white and set when I left my seat and crossed over to them. It was not in human nature to keep silence any longer.

I could not do it.

"This is not very pleasant for me, Lady Ullswater," I said.

"I do not know how to efface myself, or I would do so.

"But, if you can restrain your grief over my unfortunate existence when I am present, I shall be glad."

Miss Ullswater turned her proud handsome face to me.

"You are not quite just. You do not see mamma's side of the question," she said.

"Will you explain what I fail to understand?" I asked. "I shall be pleased to hear it."

"You do not know perhaps," she said, "that our uncle, Lord St. Asaph, has brought us up almost as though we were his own children; we have been educated and introduced to the world as his heiresses. Now, all at once we are pauperized."

"Is it my fault, Miss Ullswater?" I asked. "Answer fairly—is it my fault?"

She was silent for some minutes, with a look of calm consideration on her face.

"No," she said, "it is not your fault; but you are the cause of it."

"A distinction without a difference," I rejoined; and the blue eyes looked keenly at me.

"I cannot take any share of the blame to myself," I said.

"It seems to me that the whole fault lies with Lord St. Asaph.

"In concealing his marriage he did wrong to you and wrong to me.

"You have evidently never thought of my feelings with regard to the subject. Has my life been so pleasant, do you think? I have been brought up in ignorance of those who are near and dear to me. I have never seen my mother's face. I have been for thirteen years longing passionately to find parents and home, friends and relatives.

"And this is the result," I cried, raising my hands with a wild gesture—"this is the end of it all! Has no one any compassion me?

"It seems to me that my case is a thousand times harder than yours. You lose a little money, but you have each other to love.

"I lose all my hope and dreams—all that ever made my life bearable."

"You will find people hold money to be the first consideration in this world," said Lady Ullswater; while the elder girl turned her face thoughtfully to me.

"You are right," she said. "Yours is a hard case, as well as ours."

"I cannot think why my brother kept his marriage concealed, unless it was because he was ashamed of it," observed her mother.

"You have no right to assume that, Lady Ullswater," I said warmly. "You have no right to suggest it."

"Perhaps not," she replied coldly; "nevertheless I imagine it to be true. If the Earl had married any one of his own rank in life, he would have introduced her to the world as his wife. The very fact that he kept his marriage a profound secret proves for some reason or other he was ashamed of it. We can come only to that conclusion."

"It would be better, since you are in profound ignorance of all the facts, to come to no conclusion at all," I said; and Miss Ullswater looked at her mother.

"Lady Dundas is right," she said. "We ought not to make any unkind comments until we know the whole story."

Just then a footman appeared with a message from Lord St. Asaph.

Lady Dundas's presence was desired in half an hour's time, and she was to go there alone.

"We are not to be witnesses of the paternal raptures, evidently," said Lady Ullswater. "I am quite content to be spared them."

I made no reply.

I could hardly breathe.

My heart seemed to have stopped beating. In one half-hour I was to see my father of whom I had dreamed all my life.

"I must say," said Miss Ullswater, looking at me earnestly, "I do not envy you. Lord St. Asaph is our uncle, and of course we are very grateful to him; but I should not like to be his daughter—I should not indeed.

"Your life will not be a bed of roses, Lady Dundas."

"You all do your best to frighten me and make me miserable," I said. "I never thought I could be so unhappy."

The blue eyes looked kindly at me, the dark ones thoughtfully.

"Where is Lance?" Lady Ullswater demanded suddenly.

"Gone out, mamma," replied Daisy. "I think he has rather a hard time of it with the Earl.

"He looked tired and anxious."

"Poor boy!" sighed her mother.

"Am I in his way also?" I asked.

"Most decidedly," she replied curtly.

I laughed.

It was such a burlesque of coming home; it was such a rude awakening from my beautiful dreams that I could not help laughing.

"When he comes in, tell him I want him in the library," said Lady Ullswater.

She rose and quitted the room, leaving me alone with the girls. They looked at me just a little shyly; then Miss Ullswater spoke.

"Mamma is in great distress," she said. "We have never seen her so troubled as she is now."

I knew a sort of apology was intended, but I was too miserable to heed it.

"Shall you not be afraid to see the Earl alone?" asked Daisy.

I was not quite sure whether I wanted to see him at all.

The "reprobate Earl" was not the father of my dreams.

"You look very unhappy," continued Daisy.

"How sad it is for all of us! You must try to be more cheerful."

"I cannot see one gleam of hope," I answered.

"Not one?" she said laughingly. "Are you not even pleased to have us for cousins?"

"That would be of little use when you dislike me so much," I answered.

"We do not know you yet," said Miss Ullswater, looking at me with serene eyes. "It is possible that when we know you we may like you for your own sake. We cannot be expected to feel sudden affection for one who has brought bitter disappointment into our lives."

That was perfectly true, and I came to the conclusion that patience and forbearance were needed on both sides.

* * * * * * *

"The Earl is waiting to see Lady Dundas," was the message that sent a thrill of fear through me.

The girls both looked up, and Daisy smiled.

"Nobody is quite so black as he or she is painted," she said cheerfully. "He may be kind to you."

It was an ordeal.

I had never thought it possible that I could feel such dread of any living creature.

What would I not have given for Miss Pentarn—even for Daisy—to go with me! I trembled at the very thought of seeing the "reprobate Earl."

I felt rather as though I were going to meet a judge and an executioner than a father.

Only heaven knew how my heart sank as I followed the Earl's valet to his room, and I trembled as I had never done before.

"Is Lord St. Asaph very ill?" I asked the valet.

"He is very ill indeed," was the grave reply.

"Is he in danger?" I asked again.

"In very great danger," he answered.

And then I knew that he had sent for me because he believed himself to be dying. It was no sweet summons home because he wished to see me or could live no longer without me.

He was dying, and felt compelled to do me justice.

The room I entered was very lofty, lighted by three large windows, and furnished in most luxurious fashion. At the end stood an imposing-look bedstead, richly draped in blue silk and gold.

"Come near," said a voice that made my heart beat again.

It was imperative and commanding; but there was something in it which brought the tears with a hot rush into my eyes.

I was alone with my father.

I walked with as much self-possession as I could muster to the bedside.

Alas, alas, he might well be called the "reprobate Earl"!

No wonder all hope died in my heart when my eyes fell on the grizzled, handsome, wicked face.

He then looked up at me, and our eyes met.

Something between a smile and a sneer passed over his face. I could not define the expression.

I determined that I would speak first. He should not know how frightened I was. Instinct told me that he would despise cowardice.

"I am sorry to find you so ill, sir," I said.

He held out his hand to me, and it seemed to me that his dark keen eyes tried to read my very heart and soul. They softened as they looked at me, those eyes that others dreaded so.

"So," he said slowly, "you are my daughter, Laurie Dundas! Let me look well at you, my dear."

I stood still, trying to seem quite at my ease.

A smile came over his face.

"You are very beautiful, my dear. You have the St. Asaph face, the St. Asaph grace and bearing; they are a fine old race."

"You forget, sir, that I know nothing of them," I remarked.

"Of course not; but you will now. What have you to say to me after all these years of absence?

"You were a child of two when I saw you last, Laurie, a fine spirited little lassie, ready to fight all your nurses single-handed. I kissed you and bade you good-bye then, and I have not seen you since. What have you to say to me now?"

"If I said what I thought, I should ask you why you have left me to the care of strangers all these years," was my ready answer.

"You have the true St. Asaph spirit," he said. "You have plenty of courage, young lady."

"If I judge rightly, I shall have plenty of need for it," I rejoined.

He chuckled to himself. It was certainly the most ghastly and mysterious sound I had ever heard.

"You are right," he said.

"You will need the spirit of your race. I ought not to have left you all these years. I took you from your mother when you were only two, and when she asked for you I told her that you were dead;" and he chuckled again.

I felt something like hatred stirring in my heart against him, and I prayed to Heaven to help me.

I must try to respect my own father, even if he should be wicked.

"You did a very cruel and cowardly action," I declared vehemently.

"Yes, I think so now; but you cannot judge. You did not know your own mother; I did."

"Nothing on earth could excuse you!" I cried.

"Then my mother does not not know I am living?"

"No, indeed she does not. You see she was such an infer—— Why, what is the matter?"—for I had laid my hand somewhat roughly on his arm.

"You must not say one word against my mother; I will not hear it!" I cried.

"What a little spitfire!" laughed the Earl.

"I have dreamed of my mother all my life, and I cannot listen to such words," I protested, ignoring his interruption.

"Your mother was a fool!" he cried.

"There are worse things in this world than fools," I answered.

Again he laughed the horrible laugh that made the blood run cold through my veins.

"You mean rogues," he said.

"Ah, I see! Some one has been telling you that I am a reprobate—a fine title—quite a true one!"

"More is the pity. I see no glory in wickedness," I remarked.

"You do not? Well tastes differ. What have you to say to me, Laurie, after this long absence? Am I anything like what you expected to see?"

"Not in the least," I replied.

"You are pleasantly frank," he said, laughing.

"What did you expect to see?"

"I always pictured my father as a hero, a gentleman at least."

"And you find that I am wanting in the necessary qualifications?" he asked, with a smack of his cruel lips.

"Considering that you pride youself on the reputation you bear, I do not see how you can either be either a hero or a gentleman."

"You must mind what you say to me," he said savagely, his face darkening. "I have not the best of tempers. If you vex me, I shall send you back to Miss Pentarn."

"I wish to Heaven you would, sir," I cried, "for I am sure I shall be miserable here!

"Lady Ullswater and her daughters do not like me, and I shall neither be happy with you."

He took no heed of the latter part of the sentence, he was so delighted at hearing the first.

The very spirit of mischief seemed to gleam in his eyes,

"So my lady and her daughters do not like you!

"They thought themselves so sure of the old Earl's money—so sure of it that it was hardly worth while to conciliate him. They will see now. I shall enjoy the next few days!"

I could not wonder at his words when I remembered that he had laughed at my mother's grief over my supposed death.

"You must help me, Laurie," he then said.

"I must pay them out."

"I shall help you in no such design, sir," I answered hotly.

"I am sorry for Lady Ullswater and her daughters."

"Are you mad?" he cried, his face flushing purple.

"No, I am not mad, nor am I mean. I cannot enjoy the discomfiture of others," I replied.

"I believe on my soul, they have bribed you already!" he cried.

"No one could bribe me," I retorted. "I do not know what you mean by bribing. I repeat that I am very sorry for them."

"Mind you do not say that again, or they will be the last words that will pass between us—the very last."

I was silent.

He was my father, and I felt constrained to obey him.

"Come, Laurie," he said, pleased, I think at my silence, "we must not quarrel as soon as we meet. Have you no kiss for your father?"

Ah me, how often had I dreamed of the hour in which I should first kiss my father's face!

My very heart recoiled from it now. Old, wrinkled, leering, scorn and every evil passion seemed to be stamped on it. But he seemed to expect this mark of attention, so I paid it.

"You are a beautiful girl, Laurie," he said, "and you will have a large fortune. I wish now that I had sent for you a year ago. You must try to make yourself happy at home."

What a horrible mockery the words were!

How could I ever be happy in this atmosphere of jealousy and anger.

"You shall have everything you want; and from this moment you are mistress of Yatton House, in place of Lady Ullswater."

I could not bear that. I held out my hands to him.

"Papa," I said, "do be a little kind to me: I beg you not to make me mistress of this great house just yet. I will be very obedient and docile, I will do everything you tell me, if you will grant me this one favor.

"They will hate me so!"

He was a little touched by the appeal.

"Well, well," he said more softly, "we will begin by degrees.

"Do you know, Laurie, that this is the first time any one opposed me for many years?"

"Perhaps you are all the worse for it," I said naively.

"Perhaps I am," responded the Earl, with a grim smile.

"Miss Pentarn says that nothing trains one to be good-tempered so much as constant contradiction," I remarked very eagerly.

"What a pity I never knew Miss Pentarn!" he exclaimed.

I could not see any joke in his speech; but he did, for he laughed heartily.

"You have done me good," he said presently; "I have not laughed so much for a long time.

"You must come and see me often, Laurie.

"I have done a wise thing in sending for you. The Ullswaters are in possession, I suppose?"

"They are all here," I said.

"'Where the carcass is'—you know the rest," was his comment.

And so ended my first interview with my father.

CHAPTER VII.

I LEFT my father's room with my brain in a whirl.

I could have fancied I was haunted by an evil dream.

He yielded to my whim.

For the present I was not to be mistress of the house.

But I was to do just as I liked, to order what I pleased, to remember that I was his only daughter, and to make myself perfectly at home. I was to see the Earl again in the evening.

I shall never forget the feeling of utter desolation with which I left his room, the hot anger, the fierce rebellion in my heart, the desperation, the utter blank despair. The world seemed to have crumbled suddenly beneath my feet.

How I wished that I had died, as my cruel father told my poor young mother that I had!

Why had he told her so? Why had they parted?

Why had he spoken so cruelly of her? I was crushed by the bitterness of my own great anguish.

The former uncertainty, with its sweet vague possibilities, had been a thousand times better than this present cruel krowledge.

My heart was breaking; yet I felt too indignant for tears.

A slighter sorrow would have been eased by them.

I stood at the head of the great staircase, looking down on the vast collection of treasures that were so lavishly displayed, wondering if it could be possible that this magnificent mansion was really my home, really my father's house.

I could hardly realize it.

The servants who passed looked at me in curious wonder.

No one had told them that their master's daughter had come to take her place in his home.

They were evidently quite unconscious of my existence.

"Let it be so!" I cried, in the bitterness of my heart; and I said no word as they passed me.

"My father's house!"

Could there be a greater stranger in it than I?

Could any one be less at ease? Whither should I go?

Into which of these magnificent rooms should I wonder?

How should I occupy myself? I longed for the cheerful murmur of voices in the class room.

German verbs would have been preferable.

And this was the day I had longed for all my life!

A dread chill came over me. What if everything in life should prove as cruel a disappointment?

While I thus mused a stately figure advanced towards me, clad in black silk, wearing a thick gold chain and a cap of white lace.

"Some one else to detest me and tell me I am in the way!" I said to myself.

But I was mistaken. The stranger stopped within a little distance from me, and bowed profoundly.

"I am Mrs. Bennett the housekeeper, and the Earl has sent me to your ladyship" said a pleasant voice. "The Earl wished me to show your ladyship all the different suites of rooms, and see that the one you select is prepared for you."

"I do not mind which it is," I replied. What could a choice of rooms matter to one whose very heart was crushed?

To my astonishment the housekeeper smiled.

"If I may be pardoned for saying so, I would urge your ladyship to inspect them," she said.

"No one ever disobeys the Earl. I shall have great pleasure in helping you to choose a suite of rooms."

She was so civil, cheerful, and pleasant that I went with her, glad of anything that would for a few minutes take me out of myself and keep me from indulging in gloomy thoughts.

What a house it was!

Long before the survey was over, my head and eyes ached with the glitter and splendor, the beauty of pictures and statues the charm of buhl and marquetry, of jasper and onyx, of jewelled tazzas, of rare and priceless china.

Well might Lady Ullswater enjoy being mistress of such a place, and dislike the idea of seeing another supplant her!

What charmed me most was the profusion of flowers.

They were everywhere, rare, fragrant, and beautiful.

My eyes wandered in search of something that might have belonged to my mother—a portrait, a book, any sign or token that she had ever been in the house; but I could see none.

"There are a few family portraits here, but most of them are at Yatton," Mrs. Bennett observed, as we stood in the picture-gallery.

She pointed out to me the portrait of a beautiful stately woman with a mantle of purple velvet thrown over one shoulder.

"That was the late Countess of St. Asaph she said.

I looked at her with startled eyes.

"Do you mean my mother?" I asked; and the woman's face grew red.

"No, my lady," she replied. "I mean the late Countess—mother of the present Earl."

I looked at the beautiful imperious face, and in it saw a great resemblance to her daughter, Lady Ullswater.

"A very beautiful woman," was my comment.

"Yes, the late Countess of St. Asaph was one of the proudest and most beautiful women in England."

"Have you been in the family long?" I asked.

"More than thirty years," she replied.

"Then you must have seen—you must have known my mother!" I cried eagerly. "I would give all the world if you would tell me something about her—what she was like."

Mrs. Bennett shook her head.

"We always understood that the Earl was unmarried," she replied.

"Until his lordship sent for me this morning and told me about your ladyship, I had never heard one word. I was taken by surprise."

"Then you have neither seen nor do you know anything of my mother?" I asked, quietly.

"No, my lady."

I was bitterly disappointed.

When should I come upon some trace of my mother?

The great passionate longing of my heart was to see her; she was everything in the world to me.

I thought even that I could die happy if my eyes might fall but once on my mother's face.

Now I seemed to be farther from her than ever.

This woman had lived thirty years in my father's house, and had heard no mention of her name.

We went through many suites of rooms.

"Do not let me choose rooms occupied by any one else," I said. "I do not wish to give trouble."

"The Earl said you were to have the best, my lady," was the answer.

"Where does Lady Ullswater sleep?" I asked.

She pointed out the rooms to me, and I decided that I would have mine as far from hers as possible.

I am afraid that Mrs. Bennett half suspected my thoughts, for I saw a smile on her face.

I choose three beautiful rooms.

They looked over the park; and I felt more at home when I knew that they were really mine.

I directed all my boxes and books to be brought there when they came from Pentarn House.

At least now I should not be compelled to sit with those who disliked me so much.

"The Earl said, my lady, that anything you wished for was to be brought here at once."

I thanked her, but said that I wanted nothing.

Gradually the sense of desolation was growing stronger and deeper.

I remembered all that the other girls, my schoolfellows, had said about their going home—the loving preparations make for them, the kisses lavished on them, their mothers' watchful anxiety.

How often they had spoken of it with smiling lips and tearful eyes!

I then contrasted my home-coming with theirs.

Hate and jealousy met me on the threshold; my father was a reprobate, and of my mother I could hear nothing.

I sat down by the open window.

I had resolved not to shed one tear, but my strength and courage were giving way. I tried to draw what comfort I could from outward circumstances.

I tried to take pleasure in the fact that I was Lady Dundas, an Earl's daughter, that this magnificent house was my father's home, that I should have money and jewels without stint; but there was not one atom of comfort to be derived from these facts.

I wanted love, not luxury, or wealth, or title—simply love.

If my mother had been of humble birth, yet had clasped me to her breast with tears and kisses, I should have been content—ah, more than content!

Then came a messenger to say that luncheon was ready, and that Lady Ullswater was waiting for me; with such a weight on my heart I would not go down-stairs to meet them again.

So I declined luncheon, urging as an excuse that I had a headache and was resting.

Lady Ullswater sent word that she was sorry I was not well—she would come and see me.

I determined at once that she should not. Of course they were dying with curiosity to know all about my interview with the Earl what I thought of him, what he had said to me; but I would not gratify their curiosity.

If Lady Ullswater intended to come to my room, I would leave it.

I had ordered a cup of tea; so, when the maid returned with it I questioned her.

"Is there any place, any spot in this house, where one can be quite alone, without fear or chance of intrusion?" I asked. "I want to be undisturbed for a short time. Tell me where I can go."

"No one goes into the grounds at the back of the house," she replied, "except Sir Lancelot, to smoke a cigar; and he is not at home."

"Do not tell any one where I am, and show me the way," I said—both of which orders the girl obeyed.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS the heavy clouds gather before a violent storm—deepen, darken, then break, falling in heavy rain—even so the clouds of my sorrow gathered—deepened, darkened, until the tears came. Ah me, how I wept!

Was it that morning that I had been so happy because an hour was given me to be spent under the trees—only that morning that I had been sent for, that my heart had beaten high with hope? It seemed to me, remembering the pain I had suffered, ages since.

Ah, it was a luxury to be alone!

The grounds were not very extensive. An old-fashioned fountain stood in the midst of a green lawn; and this was surrounded by a belt of lime-trees; beyond was another lawn, where the grass grew wild, some fine oaks and a noble cedar. Under its dark drooping boughs I sought shelter, it was so cool, so still. There was not a sound, not even the rustle of a bough, the song of a bird.

Reckless in my sorrow as in my joy, I knelt down and laid my head upon one of the little garden-chairs, and wept as though my heart would break.

I was so miserable that it seemed to me a luxury to weep.

Ah, why was my lot so unlike that of others?

Where in the wide world was my dear mother?

How passionately I cried for her. Surely Heaven would give her to me, would let me see her before I died!

The tears fell faster, bitter sobs well-nigh choked me.

Hysteria was rapidly mastering me, when two hands were laid upon my shoulder, and a voice that was music to me fell on my ears.

"What is the matter, my poor little child?"

I stopped weeping for very fright. I was lying helpless on the grass, my face wet with tears, my eyes blinded, my heart torn with sorrow.

"Whoever you are, do not cry so bitterly, child."

And then, to my utter astonishment, a warm kindly hand pushed aside the tangles of black hair, and some one kissed me.

"All the trouble in the world put together should not cause such tears," said the rich deep voice.

"What is the matter?"

Let me tell the truth.

That kiss took my heart from me—changed the world for me.

Then a pair of strong arms gathered me into their clasp.

My head, that had found no better resting-place than the cool green grass, was laid on a man's broad chest.

I could feel the quick beating of his heart.

Where was I?

"Poor child! What trouble has caused such tears?"

I looked up.

Bending over me was a face—ah, well, no words that I could find would ever describe it—the fair frank beauty, noble kindliness, power, and courage expressed in it! Two dark-blue eyes were looking into mine, so full of pity and sympathy that they cheered my very heart.

"Poor child!" he repeated, one strong arm drawing me nearer. "I could not bear to hear you. I wish I knew how to comfort you.

Then I saw an expression of surprise come into his eyes.

"I am not a child!" I cried. "Oh, how I wish I were!"

"I beg your pardon," he said—"indeed I do. I should not have—have dared to kiss you had I not thought you were a child. Never mind: there is no harm done."

Then I took courage and looked up. My companion was a fine tall man, and he seemed to me so fearless, so brave, so powerful to aid, that my whole heart went out to him.

I see his face now as I saw it then, in the subdued light beneath the cedar, with clusters of fair hair that fell slightly over his forehead.

His brows were lofty, his eyes dark, deep blue.

But his most perfect feature was his mouth—it was at once proud, sweet, and imperious.

No one would disobey a command from those lips, no one would despise approval.

I shall never forget his surprise, as, throwing aside the falling masses of my black hair and arranging my black dress with becoming dignity, I stood before him, tall and slender, a grown up girl of seventeen.

"I do not know how to apologize to you," he said.

"I am afraid to ask what you think of me. I declare that I thought you were a child."

I would not have parted with the memory of that kiss on any account. It was dear and sacred to me already. But it would not do to tell him so.

"As soon as I returned," he continued, "I asked if my cousin had come, and my mother said the child was here, but had hidden herself somewhere or other in a fit of sulks."

"How unjust!" I exclaimed. But he made no comment.

"Thinking perhaps that in this eccentric household you had had a poor welcome home, I came in search of you; but I never expected to find a grown-up young lady."

"I wish that I were not grown up," I said; "and I hope you will not like me any less for it."

"No," he replied, smiling, "I may safely promise not to do that. Now tell me, although I know already—tell me who you are."

"I am the most miserable girl in the wide world!" I cried.

"That is sad news," he said gently. "We must try to remedy it. By what name must I call the most miserable girl in the world?"

"I am Laurie Dundas," was the brief reply.

"So I thought.

"But my mother spoke as though you were a child.

"That misled me.

"So you are Lady Dundas. My dear cousin, let me give you a hearty, honest, loving welcome home."

What wonder that I loved him at that moment as I hope to love him at the hour of my death?

Those were the first kind words I had heard that day—that was my first welcome home.

What wonder that I took the strong sunburnt hand in mine and kissed it with passionate tears?

"Nay," he said gently, "poor child, do not do that.

And, stooping, he kissed my face once again.

"Now tell me," he said, "why you were crying so bitterly."

"Are you Sir Lancelot?" I asked him timidly.

"Yes, I am Sir Lancelot, the redresser of your wrongs, Lady Laurie."

Ah, I could not complain of his mother to him, so I simply answered—

"I cannot help being unhappy. I see that every one dislikes me—nay, hates me—and that I am most miserably in the way. I wish that I had died when I was a child. I can never be happy—I can never be like other girls."

"Why?" he asked.

"Why?" I repeated.

"Oh, Sir Lancelot, how can you ask me? I have no mother; and I have this additional misery, that I know that she is living, and that, in all human probability, I shall never see her."

"Ah, that is sad!" he said gently; and his hand fell with a caressing touch upon my hair.

("How sweet it is to be loved and cared for!" I thought to myself.)

"But we must try to make up to you for it," he added.

"What else? Tell me the rest of your troubles."

My tears began to fall again, hot and fast.

I sobbed—

"It is terrible to think that my father is such a wicked man."

"Who told you of that?" he asked indignantly.

"Lady Ullswater first, and then himself," I replied.

How pleasant the caressing touch of his hand was to me, how sweet the low tone of his voice!

"That was needless cruelty on the part of both, Laurie.

"Tell me more."

"I do not like my position here. I feel that it is a false one. Every one seems to know and admit that I am Lord St. Asaph's daughter, but no one knows anything of my mother."

"That," he said gravely, "I admit, is the greatest trouble of all."

And we stood together for some minutes in silence, while the sun touched the cedar with a warm roseate glow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"It's an Ill Wind."

BY WILSON BENNOR.

ON a blowy, rather raw day early in March, in the year 1879, a young man of a well-bred bearing and stylish appearance strides with quick steps along the sea-wall that runs along the rough beach fronting a once popular little watering-place.

The breeze from the sea is so very stiff and brisk that it requires some delicate balancing and acrobatic feats and contortions for him to walk steadily along.

Mr. Samuel Lathrop is piqued and annoyed, and he takes a malicious pleasure in butting against the wind, and conquering its ferocious gusts.

After rambling about for some time, Mr. Lathrop comfortably settled himself in a retired nook, sheltered from the gale.

He has a fine view of the river, and the surroundings are so bright and smiling and conducive to pleasant thoughts, that after a slight introspection he comes to the conclusion that he is the one at fault, that he has been unreasonable and disagreeable, and thinks that if the men at home could know how he has acted in a certain affair, they would vote him a cad.

The fact is, Mr. Samuel Dutton Lathrop is somewhat in love, or, rather, very much in love, and men when laboring under such an influence are apt to be exacting and suspicious.

Mr. Lathrop, about a fortnight ago, went to Parkgate, for the express purpose of being near a very charming young woman with whom he is enamoured; but lately the powers that be have been most provokingly against him.

Miss Easton, upon his advent at Parkgate, was most gushingly delighted to see him, and for five or six days he lived in elysium; but then a change came, and it dawned upon Samuel Lathrop's mental vision that Ethel Easton was a sad coquette.

When Mr. Lathrop arrived, and Miss Easton appeared so to approve his admiration and devotion to the exclusion of all others, there was gnashing of teeth, and bitter anathemas pronounced upon his devoted head by the young men in question.

But now she seems to tire of the attention of only one man, and the twelve young men were again admitted to favor.

Then comes Mr. Lathrop's turn to gnash his teeth.

But what is one amongst so many?

He sulks, and he mopes, and he complains, but all to no purpose; she still continues dancing three times in succession every evening with that miserable snob, Tom Wilson.

On all sailing and driving parties she takes particular pains to unmercifully snub him, and life to Samuel Lathrop, grows to be a burden.

On this particular windy March day he has told Miss Easton, at the conclusion of another gentle remonstrance, that he sees now clearly they are not suited to each other, and he intends returning to town the following day.

She looks a little startled when she hears his last words, and her under lip and eyelids quiver; but she replies that she has long been of his opinion, too; that he does nothing but scold and annoy her; that he is horribly jealous and suspicious, and it is probably just as well that it should end now. So, as a preliminary to the journey home, he takes the walk on the sea-wall.

As Samuel Lathrop sits idly digging little stones out of the wall, and tossing them into the water near him, he suddenly hears a low laugh, and coming around the projection—behind which he lounges at full length—is Ethel Easton with Mr. Wilton.

Mr. Lathrop is on his feet in an instant, and uncovering his head, returns Miss Easton's haughty recognition with a low, grave bow.

They pass without comment, and Samuel, picking up his stick, starts towards his apartments with, if possible, even more bitter feelings in his heart than when he left, all his good resolutions to apologize for his quick temper, and in the future to overlook Ethel's caprices, being completely knocked on the head.

He fully realizes the force of the wind; it is now beating against his back, and it forces him along.

He has not as much time to be angry as he would like to have, for it requires all his mental and physical powers to watch his steps and to keep his hat on his head.

He is seriously thinking of taking to the safer width of the road, and leaving the narrow ledge of the wall; the thought causes him to look at the former, and—he falls about ten feet.

Fortunately the tide is rapidly falling, and the muddy water is only about two feet in depth.

Samuel Lathrop is on his knees, with his hands buried to the wrists in the mud.

There is a sharp pain—a cross between a red-hot knife slowly cutting and an electric shock—somewhere in his right side, but he is too dazed and bewildered to think about it.

He attempts to stand; his right foot will not support him, and he sinks back with a sharp exclamation and a very white face. His hat and stick are floating off together in pleasant companionship.

What was he to do?

In front of him rises ten feet of green, slimy wall; behind him lies the river, sparkling in the sunlight; there is not a boat in sight, and he is sitting in the water, chilled through and through, and unable to move.

"Will nobody come?" he thinks with despair.

He knows the exact locality of the tremendous pain now.

It is in his ankle, and is growing so intense that he feels ill and dizzy.

"What if I should faint?" he says, looking at the water about him, and measuring the depth with his hand. "It is deep enough to suffocate me."

Just at this juncture he hears footsteps coming towards him, and he hears a sweet, musical voice, the accents of which send a rush of crimson to his face.

He is mortified to think that she will see him in this humiliating predicament.

He decides not to call; he will wait for someone else to help him; but it is growing towards dusk, and he cannot endure the pain much longer.

Involuntarily he groans.

The footsteps stop.

"I heard a groan, Mr. Wilton; what can it mean? It seemed to be down here."

Then there was a horrified cry as Miss Easton discovered Mr. Lathrop sitting close to the wall, submerged in the water, and all splashed with mud, looking frightfully demoralized, and with an agonized expression in his eyes as he meets hers.

"Why, Mr. Lathrop—Samuel—what has happened?

"Oh! are you hurt?" getting down upon her knees, and leaning over the wall to look at him.

He smiles rather faintly at her, and without a word he falls over, and the water quite covers his head.

Without an instant's hesitation, Mr. Wilton lowers himself over the wall, and then drops into the water.

Resting on one knee, regardless of the wetting, he holds Lathrop's head, and brushes the water from his face with his handkerchief.

Poor Miss Easton is beside herself with horror and terror, and calls out, "Oh, Mr. Wilton! what shall I do?

"What shall I do?"

"Just stop the first person you see, please, and ask for a boat.

"I will stay here."

In about half an hour a boat is rowed as near to the wall as possible, and two men wading to Samuel Lathrop, carry him to the boat.

There is quite an excited crowd of spectators on the wall, and a great many conjectures and opinions as to how it happened are volunteered.

* * * * * *

Towards the end of the month of April, on a sunny day, stroll a young lady and gentleman.

The latter leans rather heavily upon a stout walking-stick, and has an almost decided limp.

They reach the parade, and seat themselves.

"Well, this is the first time I have been here since that day," said the young man, looking archly at his companion.

"Oh, please do not speak of that, Samuel!

"The memory of my horror when I saw you in the water is too terrible!"

And Ethel Easton shuddered at the recollection.

"Well, I do not know that it was such a bad thing after all, Ethel,"—taking her hand and looking deep into her eyes.

"I am truly grateful to that wind; it blew me from the wall, but it also blew me back to you!"

◆

An Old Maid's Life.—Sweet 16—Builds castles and dwells on love in a cottage.

18—Joins an archery club. Affects intellectual efforts such as "Reading Clubs." Dances every set and rejects all love proposals.

19—Drops love in a cottage and thinks of brown-stone or pressed brick front.

20-21-22—Modesty begins to take its departure. Abhors simplicity.

23—Laces tighter and wishes to marry for rank—a Colonel, Congressman or Senator would do.

24-25-26—Astonished not a little at remaining single. "Why don't the men propose."

27-28-29—Takes the lead in charades and tableaux. Begins to tease her pa about the springs.

30-31-32-33—Wouldn't mind a widower if not too old. Willing to manage charades and tableaux, but wouldn't take a prominent part. She then begins to turn charitable and hunt out the poor. Then joins church.

34-35-36—As a general thing despises men. "They are all so silly, but, of course, there are some exceptions to all rules." Elected President of the Children's Aid Society.

37-38-39—Allows boys seventeen or eighteen years of age to take her to prayer-meeting, as intellectuality defies all considerations of age.

40-45—Would accept a preacher of her own denomination without responsibilities. Takes a large interest in the Sabbath-school, and in cats and canary birds.

45-50—Sees no harm in a little more rouge—particularaly at night. Scraggy, fretful, and desperate. A preacher with half a dozen responsibilites—all boys—she would not object to.

50-55—Thanks heaven she was never married. All men are brutes. More rouge. Terribly startled by a remark from her widowed pastor that "it is the duty of all Christians to marry." More startled next day to hear of the good fortune of "that horrid old maid," Miss Snips, who is to marry her pastor. Makes her will and leaves her entire fortune to the heathen.

◆

The Angry Tree.—An "angry tree," a species of acacia, is growing on a farm in Virginia, Nevada. It was brought from Australia, and is now eight feet high and growing rapidly. It shows all the characteristics of the sensitive plant. When the sun sets, its leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs curl up like a pigtail. If the twigs are handled, the leaves move uneasily for a minute or two. A singular thing concerning the tree was its apparent resentment on being removed from a pot, in which it had matured, into a much larger pot. To use the gardener's expression, it "made it very mad."

Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver.

At the same time it gave out an order most pungent and sickening, resembling the odor given off by rattlesnakes and other kinds of snakes when teased. The odor so filled the house that it was necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace.

◆

Whims of Great Men.—Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corns in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door without he was mad.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts quantities of which he always carried in his pockets.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a bootjack at them.

Bric-a-Brac.

A Queen's Needle.—Queen Victoria is in the possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated manufactory at Redditch and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying-glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened: it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

How Spinners Work.—The spinners at the ropewalk in Bath, Me., wind huge skeins of manila or hemp around them, catch a thread or two of it upon the hook, and as the spindle whirls walk slowly backward down the length, spinning as they go, and leaving before them a long twisted strand. Every twenty minutes they disappear from sight, and are seen as far as the eye can reach coming into view down the dimly lighted walk nearly a mile away. Thirty or more times a day make the wand, and every wand is a half mile, and every day each spinner walks fifteen miles, and spins seven miles of hempen strand.

An Honest Confession.—"All in the fashionable world," says London *Life*, "will remember some months ago a charming and accomplished young lady met with a frightful accident through her dress catching fire. So severe were her injuries that life was despaired of, and the officiating clergyman of a well-known West End church was sent for to administer spiritual consolation to one believed to be moribund. To him the lady said: 'As I know that I am dying, I have a secret that I will disclose to you only. I love you with my whole heart.' The prompt reply was: 'You must not die, but live to be my wife.' I am glad to add that this week the lady was married to the object of her affections."

The Cat and Bees.—A Nevada paper tells of a fight that recently occurred in that city between a cat and a hive of bees, in which the bees got decidedly the best of it. The cat's attention was attracted by the bees, and thinking they were some new kind of game, dabbed viciously at them as they passed in and out of the hive. At last one day the bees got angry, and poured out of the hive by the hundred, and darted for the fur of tabby. The cat rolled herself into a ball, and bit, spluttered, and clawed with all her might, but with no effect, as the bees kept stinging as diligently as ever. After a time, she was taken away, and was a week recovering from the effect of the stings. She cannot be persuaded to go near the hive any more.

The Blue Laws.—The famous blue laws of Connecticut enacted by "people of the Dominion of New Haven," were so called because printed on blue paper. They prohibited the ceremony of marriage being performed by a parson, on the strange ground that a magistrate might perform it with less scandal to the church. Adultery was punished by death. Wearing clothes trimmed with gold, silver or lace above one shilling a yard involved a tax on the person's estate of $15. No one to cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen. No one shall travel, cook, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath. No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days. The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Modes of Punishment.—A mode of punishment which was formerly carried to a cruel extent in England was the whipping of vagrants and those guilty of slight offences. By an Act passed in the time of Henry VIII., beggars found wandering about seeking their subsistence from the alms of the benevolent were to be "carried to some market town, or other place, and there tied to the end of a cart, naked, and beaten with whips throughout some market town or other place till the body should bleed by reason of such whipping." In the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth, however, this Act was slightly mitigated. Entries in some old church registers remain as witnesses of the operation of this law. About the year 1596 whipping-posts came into use. The "pilliwinkles" was a mode of torture formerly used in Scotland for suspected witches; and that horrible practice of "pressing to death" was in force within the last two centuries.

Wishes, Kisses, and Misses.—It may be taken for granted that all girls hope to get married some day; and a most modest, most maidenly, most natural wish it is. Similarly all girls wish to look as pretty as they can—a duty implanted in their minds by Dame Nature. It is a woman's mission to be lovely as much as it is to be gentle. But to a happy marriage run a whole host of prosaic duties which are not seldom forgotten. Thousands of girls of to-day can do crewel-work, strum the piano, manage a pair of wool-work slippers, and turn out antimacassars by the hundred weight. A little less time spent on these trifles, a little more time spent on such humdrum matters as knowing how long to keep a piece of beef till it is tender enough to cook, or how best to make an omelette out of a bit of parsley and two eggs, would revolutionize the marriage market. Young men actually fear to get married because they do not feel sure whether the girls they admire could keep a house going without a servant at first, or, at the most, with a small help to black the boots and clean the knives.

THE BROKEN TOY.

BY MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

A broken toy! what memories cling
Around this half forgotten thing;
What baby-laughter seems to rise,
Like old, delightful melodies;
What shouts of worldless, tuneful joy,
At sight of this poor, broken toy.

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest!
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,
What would we give to hold again
The form we lost 'mid tears and pain!
Ah, child! the empty cot is ours,
But thine the sunshine and the flowers!

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come
To smile again upon thy home!
Such little pleasures as we know
In this, our twilight life below;
Some fragments of earth's paltry joys
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm thy lot—for ever blest;
How exquisite thy happy rest!
How changeless, joyful, and serene,
Compared with what thy lot had been
With us—whose fleeting, clouded joys
Are at their best but broken toys!

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

DICK, having professed his willingness to put up with the best accommodation in good Mrs. Darby's power to bestow upon him, at last received the promise of a bed, and something more substantial than a promise in the way of supper, after which, having got rid of some of the dust of his journey, he proceeded to make his way through the sleeping village, and, following the landlady's directions, to the iron gate of Laurel Lodge.

He was prepared of course to be told that Miss Masserene was at the Priory; but he was somewhat startled by the anxious face of the maid-servant who opened the door for him, and who, while telling him that her mistress was quite unable to see him, begged him to excuse the liberty she took, and to step into the drawing-room for a minute.

Dick complied at once.

In his state of longing and infatuation it was a pleasure even to enter the house where Ninon had waited for him and thought of him and been true to him all this long, long year past.

The servant was hastily lighting the gas in the little drawing-room, and, as he stood hat in hand, he was looking round with eager eyes and searching for signs of Ninon's presence.

There was her music on the piano, her work-basket on the table, and a book or two that he himself had given her.

But the room looked cheerless, and as if it had not been occupied for weeks.

The flower-jars were empty, the piano was closed, some plants were withering in their pots in the mean little bay-window.

Dick touched the little work-basket as he stood by the table—her hand had often lain there before his, he thought—and then the maid began her explanation.

Her mistress had been ailing for a day or two, she told the gentleman, but she had made nothing of it, and would not have Miss Ninon sent for to the Priory.

To-night she seemed a great deal worse; she complained of her throat and chest, and could hardly breathe; but she refused to see a doctor.

"And you see, sir," Sarah added anxiously, "I don't think I ought to be left alone with her all night, without advice, and Miss Ninon away."

"Miss Masserene will return, of course," Mr. Strong replied, "if she is needed at home.

"If you think your mistress's condition so grave, I will see that she is made aware of it without delay."

"I think Miss Ninon ought to know, sir," the girl persisted.

"Very good.

"Give me the doctor's address, and I will go at once in search of him.

"You are not afraid to remain alone until we can be here, and until Miss Masserene returns?"

"Oh, no, sir, and thank you kindly!" said Sarah, greatly relieved.

"But I did not know what to do, me being here all alone with the mistress, and not a soul as I could send to the Priory."

She proceeded to describe the doctor's house—a white cottage standing by itself, that no one could miss; and Mr. Strong set off through the October starlight in search of it.

An uncomfortable chill had fallen upon him which he did not find it easy to shake off.

He would rather, naturally, have found Ninon at her step-mother's bedside than know that, though, as the servant had said, Mrs. Masserene had been ailing for a day or two, she had not cared to sacrifice the pleasure of the ball to the duty that so plainly demanded her presence at home.

But, almost before the man had formulated this idea in his mind, the lover began to find excuses for the beautiful worshipped sweetheart, for a sight of whose face he had been longing for so many weary months, and who would so soon now be in his arms, close to his heart, and to his lips, that had kissed no woman since they had pressed hers in all the exquisite pain of his parting from her a year ago.

Was it not natural that, at her age and with her beauty, Ninon should seize eagerly the few opportunities of amusement that her life in that dull little village afforded? Had not the maid-servant expressly stated that Mrs. Masserene had refused to disturb her enjoyment of the ball by sending for her?

And was not the sudden increase of the poor woman's malady clearly unexpected, since it had found the household quite unprepared to meet it?

Yes, Dick decided, his brow clearing.

Thoughtless Ninon might sometimes be; after her training who could wonder at it?

But heartless, no!

He had wronged her for a moment in his thoughts, and before long he would ask her to forgive him, when he could hold her close to him and lay his cheek against hers and confess in a whisper that momentary treason against his black-haired blue-eyed queen!

He had reached the doctor's little cottage now.

The little garden was sweet with the honeysuckle that clambered about the door and the latticed windows.

Doctor Randal was out it proved, but was expected home every moment, and he would on his return repair without delay to Laurel Lodge.

Mrs. Randal would have had the young man come into her neat parlor and there await her husband's appearance; but Dick succeeded in making his escape.

"Of course Miss Masserene will be at the Priory," the little woman said, dying for a gossip.

"She is hardly ever at home now.

"But I suppose she will be sent for, although it is the night of the ball.

"You are a friend of the family, I suppose, sir?

"I don't remember having seen you before, and I know most people hereabouts."

"Yes, a friend," Dick murmured, as he closed the small gate behind him and lifted his hat to the doctor's wife, who stood on the doorstep rubbing her hands in the cold night-air, and watching him as he walked away quietly in the direction of the Priory.

The same little faint chill had fallen upon him again.

Ninon was hardly ever at home, that old gossip had declared.

Well, what more natural than that she should spend her time with her own people and in the house where her mother had been born?

He determined that he would not allow himself to be disturbed by any such idle village talk.

He walked on, whistling resolutely and looking about him in the starlight.

There was an unusual stir and life on the quiet country road.

One or two carriages passed him, their lamps flashing in the darkness; a little crowd of gaping villagers had gathered about the lodge gates, hoping to catch a glimpse of the beautiful ladies as they drove by wrapped in their white cloaks.

Mr. Strong made his way up the avenue, thinking still of his darling—of the day he had first seen her at the Mont Saint Michel—when they had walked together on the moonlit ramparts and sat together under the great fig-tree, where the little wind from the sea blew her yellow gown against his knees, and she had talked to him of her life and questioned him about his own—of their journey to Paris, when he had watched her all night long as she slept—of the pretty park at Dinard that looked down upon the sea, where she had stood by his side, and the scent of the jasmine in her belt had been wafted up to him.

Through the dark boles of the elms he could catch glimpses now of the lit-up windows of the house.

It seemed one ruddy glow of light and warmth against the blackness of the night. And, as he drew nearer, he could hear the music of the band through some open window and see the shadows of the dancers flitting across the blinds.

Perhaps one of the shadows was hers!

The young man's veins thrilled at the thought.

A few moments more and he would see her again!

Now that it was so near he could hardly believe that it was possible.

As he went up the steps of the terrace, his heart was beating like a girl's within him.

To the butler he explained the cause of his untimely visit, and begged him to summon Miss Masserene without disturbing Madame Du Mottay or Mr. Beaufoy.

He was still in the gray garments in which he had travelled from London.

He was anxious to escape as soon as possible from the hall, which, as the waltz ceased, began to be invaded by breathless smiling girls and their assiduous partners. More than one pair of bright eyes looked with undisguised interest at poor Dick's handsome anxious face and broad shoulders, as he followed the butler towards the small ante-chamber that opened at the end farthest from the drawing-rooms into the picture gallery.

"You are less likely to be disturbed there than anywhere else, sir," Jennings said.

"If you will be kind enough to wait a few minutes, I will inform Miss Masserene of your arrival."

Poor Dick answered he did not know what.

A few minutes, when every minute was an age!

He had forgotten all about the anxious house he had quitted half an hour before, all about the ugly insinuations of the doctor's wife.

He was straining his ear for the first sound of Ninon's little feet on the polished floor. How would she look?

What would she say?

It seemed to him that he had suddenly forgotten the sweet face he worshipped so blindly, that he could not live another hour without seeing it again and refreshing his memory.

And then, as suddenly and distinctly, there stood out in his recollection the girl's smiling coquettish triumphant figure as he had seen it entering the Casino at Dinard, in the gown that had seemed to be woven of pearls, and with the great soft white roses in her hair and in her hands and on her breast.

Ah—the lover uttered an inarticulate sound of passion, of delight, of longing—how could he wrong such a face as hers by saying it was possible to forget it?

He took a pace or two across the little dimly-lit octagon room.

It was in the gallery beyond that in which she was to come to him; and he laid his hand on the tapestry that covered the door and drew it impatiently aside.

As he did so, he saw the white figure clasped in Quentin's arms, and heard the startled cry that broke from the girl's lips—a girl that looked like—like Ninon, who had her gown of pearls and her black hair and her great blue eyes, but who was not, who could not be Ninon, for Ninon was his promised wife, and this girl—a dreadful fire shot through his veins—this girl had been clasped in another man's arms, had been kissed by another man's lips!

What was this horrible nightmare, and was he going mad that he should believe this thing of his love?

"Dick!" the girl said at last, breaking away, and holding out her hands to him.

And then he knew; and from his lips a great and bitter execration broke, scorching and condemning her.

Ninon shrank back as though she had received a blow.

Instinctively she turned to Quentin for protection against the white heat of her lover's fury; and Dick saw the movement in the midst of his blinding wrath.

Quentin looked somewhat insolently at this intruder in his gray clothes.

Who the deuce was he, and what did he mean by appearing, unasked, at such an inopportune moment?

"Come," he said, in a low voice to Ninon—"I will take you back to Florry.

"I do not ask you to forgive me. I can never forgive myself."

The girl was not listening to him.

Her eyes were fixed blankly on Dick's livid face as he drew near.

"Come!" Quentin urged again; and he took her hand to draw it within his arm. It was cold and unyielding.

She did not stir, though he tried to draw her towards him, and, as he released her hand, it fell by her side as stiffly as the hand of a dead woman.

"Ninon," he urged for the third time, "come with me!"

She turned then, sighing, like one awakening from a trance, and took her eyes from her lover's distorted face.

"What do you say?" she asked faintly. "I did not understand.

"No—I won't go back to Florry yet. I will stay here and speak to Dick."

"To Dick?" Quentin echoed, again curiously regarding Richard Strong.

"Yes, my cousin, Mr. Strong."

She contrived to speak a little introduction between the two men, who acknowledged it frigidly.

"You have only just arrived, Dick?"

She forced her pale lips into a smile, and held out her hand.

"You must let me take you to Florry.

"Quentin will leave me here with you for a little while.

"I—I have so much to say to you, of course."

Dick did not take the poor shaking hand. His breath was still coming thick and fast; he could hardly trust himself to speak.

"I am here only for a few moments," he said at last, making a supreme effort.

"I came to tell you that your step-mother is worse, and that you are needed at home."

Ninon uttered a startled sound.

She was trembling so that she could hardly stand, and Quentin quietly put her into a chair.

"There can be no such urgent haste, surely," he said, in a cold and haughty voice.

"My cousin is in no state to undergo further fatigue at present.

"She is in need of rest at least until to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no—I will go!" Ninon said faintly.

"That is, of course, for you to decide," returned Mr. Strong, in accents as frosty as Quentin's own.

"I have merely fulfilled my charge.

"The doctor has been summoned to Mrs. Masserene, and her servant is with her.

"She is therefore not quite alone."

He made a movement as if to go; but Ninon stood up and laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Are you going," she said, "without a word to me?"

"There is nothing to be said between us here," he answered.

"To-morrow, if you will allow me, I will call at Laurel Lodge."

And, with a distant bow to Quentin, he was gone.

Ninon stood and watched him go; then she turned to her cousin.

"Will you order me a carriage while I change my gown?" she said.

"I must go at once to Marybridge."

"Ninon," he answered fiercely, "who is that man?

"And what does he mean by looking at you and speaking to you as he did?"

The girl burst into a long peal of hysterical laughter.

"That is the man to whom I am engaged," she returned, beginning to pull off her long gloves and to take the dying white roses from her hair and from her breast.

"It is not Brian I am going to marry, you see, at all, but Mr. Strong—if he will have me now."

"Ninon!"

"Ask Brian," she went on wearily; "he will explain it all.

"It was Dick who gave me the ring. It is Dick I was to have married."

"And"—the young fellow flushed indignantly—"he comes back, after a long absence, and treats you in that way:

"Ninon, do you mean to submit to such an outrage at his hands?"

"To anything and everything," she said, with another wretched laugh.

"I have not a bit of spirit left in me. If Dick Strong tells me to-morrow to kneel down and kiss the toe of his boot, I will do it—that or anything else by which I can prove my remorse, my shame, my self-contempt."

"Ninon!"

"Do you think he was so much to blame? Do you think that my welcome was the one that he had a right to expect from his promised wife?

"Do you know that he saw me in your arms?"

"It was because of that!" Quentin cried, flushing painfully again.

"Was it not enough?"—with a hopeless shrug of the shoulders.

"Ninon, forgive me!" the young man cried, holding her back as she would have crossed the gallery to the door by which Dick had gone.

"For Heaven's sake, say that you forgive me before I go!

"I was mad, I think—beside myself—I did not know what I was doing!"

"I do forgive you, my poor Quentin," Ninon answered sadly.

"What is done cannot be undone. But I forgive you."

"Ninon," he said, in a passionate whisper, "tell me if you care for this man!" She started and struggled, but he had taken her hand and held it close. "Was it to him your soul would have flown back, if, as I threatened the other day, I had carried your sweet cold body away?"

A great beautiful blush sprang into her pale face and covered her fair throat and neck.

"Why do you recall all those foolish speeches?" she said.

"I meant nothing—no more than you meant when you proposed to run away with me.

"Please go and order the carriage. I will be ready in a few minutes."

Again she would have passed him, and again he held her back.

"You believe that I do not mean what I said?" he asked her hurriedly.

"Try me!

"Come with me now.

"It is little enough I have to offer you Heaven knows, except my love—such a love as it is given to few women to inspire—a love that will last till death and for ever afterwards.

"I am a poor beggar—I am nothing—have nothing; but you will be happier with me, dear—it may sound presumptuous, but it is true—than with that man you are to marry and at the bare thought of whom a shudder runs through every vein in your body. Ninon"—he drew her towards him, his lips were warm against her ear—"come with me!

"Be my wife!

"Trust your happiness in my hands. I swear I will give my life in trying to ensure it!"

The girl looked at him wistfully, as great tears sprang into her eyes.

"You would take me," she asked brokenly, "when Brian has cast me off, when Dick condemns me unheard? You would marry me really, Quentin?"

He broke into a short unmirthful laugh.

"I would give up my chance of happiness hereafter," he said, "to have you for my own! When will you believe what I feel for you?"

"I do believe," she said, shivering, and putting her cold little hand in his, "only I am not free, my poor boy. I belong to Dick. He shall do what he likes with my life. But I will be grateful to you until I die!"

"Those are your last words to me?" Quentin said, trying to control himself and to speak quietly.

"Yes—my last words," she answered; and at last she went away, passing the picture of Denis Beaufoy, whose sarcastic smile followed her, though she had not dared to lift her eyes to his face.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DICK STRONG never remembered how he had got back to the inn that night. As he walked he staggered like a drunken man.

Strange noises were singing in his ears, a lurid light was burning in his eyes.

This then was the home-coming to which he had looked forward!

This was welcome he had looked for so eagerly from the woman to whom he had given himself body and soul, in which faith and honesty he had believed in his own, but who had held his honor so lightly in his absence that, on his return, she had been afraid to meet his eyes, he had scorned to touch her hand!

Great Heaven, was it really to him that this thing had happened?

Was it Ninon Masserene who had thus vulgarly betrayed the man whose wife she had sworn to be?

He had her last letter still against his breast—a letter most womanly, most sweet and charming, as all her letters had been. How he had lived upon them! How he had read and re-read them until he knew every word they contained by heart!

And, even while she was writing them, she had been tricking him; secure in his absence, she had been desecrating their love, soiling her own life by giving to another man the right to clasp and kiss her, as he had seen her clasped and kissed in that dreadful moment when he drew the curtain aside.

Ah, with the man, Dick thought, grinding his teeth, his reckoning was yet to come!

But for her—for the woman who had befooled, insulted, dishonored him — what reckoning was possible for her?

In the first blinding rage of his discovery, Dick's passion for Ninon seemed to have fallen dead, scorched and consumed by his great passion.

He hardly felt a regret as yet for his ruined happiness, for the tarnished purity of the girl he had set so high in his heart.

But, when he at last reached the inn, and the fire of his wrath began to die frostily out of his veins, an overwhelming sense of his loss, of the horrible blank this hour would leave behind it in his life, began to creep upon him; and, letting his head drop upon his folded arms, he broke into a dreadful sob.

He had the little smoking-room at the Beaufoy Arms all to himself.

It was yet too early for men to arrive from the Priory, and the usual frequenters of the inn were long since at home and in bed.

"So it is all over!" he thought, raising himself up stiffly at last.

He had no idea that anything that Ninon could say would be able to justify her.

What justification was possible of the actual coarse infidelity to her promise of which he had been a witness?

No.

Some day—some day he would try perhaps to forgive her, though she had wrecked his life and broken his heart.

But he would not blind himself now to the truth, no matter how cruelly it stabbed him.

All was at an end between them.

To-morrow he would formally set her free from the misery of an engagement which she had already broken.

She had been unable, after all, to resist the temptations of Mr. Beaufoy's wealth and position.

He had been idiotic enough to suppose that an honest love could atone to her for the loss of the luxury, the admiration, the excitement which were to her as the very breath of life.

Had he not been warned often enough in the past?

Had she, herself indeed, poor unhappy girl, tried to conceal from him that what heart she had was in the world and what the world had to give in exchange for such exceptional beauty as hers?

No.

He had wilfully shut his eyes to the evidence of his own sense. His passion had blinded him, and, because in his unmanly weakness he had cried out over his pain, and she had pitied him, he had chosen to profit by her hasty and mistaken impulses, and had sought to tie to him a woman who, as he heard on all sides, could aspire to any station, no matter how splendid or how lofty.

Thus he tried to reason to himself while the numbness of his great despair was stealing on him.

But then came the recollection of the exquisite by-gone hours he had spent at Ninon's side, of all the happy plans he had formed for their future life together.

The girl's sweet and fatal face rose up before him, the matchless face about which all London had gone mad, and seemed to defy him with her sweet and melancholy smile to forget her.

He saw again the wonderful blue eyes with their black lashes, the crown of blackest hair, the flower-white skin, the slender virginal form.

Must he indeed give all these up, to that other man?

Had they never belonged to him, even for that one short year of his fool's paradise? Must he tear her from his heart, and with her the very roots and inmost fibres of his being, round which she had so surely entwined herself?

The strong man sat and trembled like a child.

If he were wise, he felt, he would go away at once and never see Ninon Masserene again.

Was there not that about her which had power to bewitch a man, and rob him of all power of judgment or resistance?

And it was so impossible, so utterly, hideously impossible to conceive now of an existence spent without her.

A year ago he could have left her with something less of agony. He had believed her then to be as far beyond his reach as the stars in the sky.

He had been teaching himself to do without her, weaning himself from the delicate intoxication of her beauty.

But now—now for so many months he had been used to think of her as his, and no man else's in all the world.

Poor Dick clenched his fists then, remembering again what he had seen; and again from his dry lips there broke the despairing execration that had fallen like a blow on Ninon's shrinking bosom.

Was he such an abject creature then, had his passion so completely subdued him, that he should endure such an outrage as that at any woman's hands?

Vacillating, miserable, heavy-eyed, the young man sat through the night, weighed down by his burden of sorrow, staring stupidly before him at the smoke-blackened walls of the room.

He hardly noticed the men even who, as dawn began to break, came noisily into the room, discussing the ball, and preparing to smoke a last cigar together.

It was not worth while to go to bed they declared.

A sleepy waiter brought them brandy and seltzer-water.

They threw the window open to the glimmering sky and chill sweet air of the morning.

They were all agreeing that they had never seen a prettier ball, that they had never "put in" a pleasanter time.

Madame Du Mottay was the most charming hostesses. The show of beauty had been decidedly above the average, Beaufoy's champagne beyond reproach, both as to quality and quantity.

"I don't think Sir Harry had his whack, all the same," said a fair-haired young fellow, laughing. "He looks awfully down in the mouth."

Sir Harry was of the party, having ceded his room at the Priory to his mother, who had come over from Durham Park for the ball.

The young Squire flushed to the roots of his curly hair, and declared stoutly that he was in excellent spirits—never jollier in his life. But his clouded face, usually so bright, belied his words; and the young fellow who had spoken first began some not-too-refined chaff about blighted affections, at which he rather took fire.

"I don't know what you mean," he said curtly.

"My dear fellow, that exceedingly pretty dress was ominous. Don't you know that pearls mean tears."

"Come, you fellows, none of that!" cried Sir Harry. "We had enough scandal on our way down here.

"I, for one, will not stand by and hear any young lady made the subject of smoking-room talk."

"Oh, come, Sir Harry," argued the first speaker, who had certainly had his full share of the champagne, "I do believe the young lady in question would desire nothing better than to join our little party! She is evidently fun all throug."

Sir Harry's honest face expressed the frankest contempt of the subject on hand.

"And why shouldn't we talk about her as well as any one else?

"She certainly can't say she didn't give us cause enough!"

The Squire stood up and flung his cigar into the grate.

"I am going to bed," he said abruptly. "I can't stand Darrell's tongue where a woman is concerned."

And he marched out of the room, holding his curly head considerably higher than usual.

"Why couldn't you let the subject drop?" said a third man to Darrell.

"You know how hard he was hit in that quarter."

"Was'?" echoed Darrell inquisitively. "Do you mean to say he isn't still?"

"Durham is not quite a fool," returned the other, smiling significantly.

"I think, if his matrimonial intentions had survived the numerous interesting anecdotes that the women have been kind enough to relate for his warning, the events of to-night would have about put the finishing stroke to them.

"The girl really went a little too far."

"Oh," said a man who had not yet spoken, "she is not in the best hands in the world, you must remember.

"Little woman inclined to be flighty herself—that sort of thing; and then she was in a fast set when she first came out.

"Altogether, it does not do to be too hard on her."

"No, I suppose not," assented Darrell, readily enough.

"She is certainly amazingly pretty.

"Such a thoroughbred air about her! And there are interesting anecdotes floating about, are there?

"By George, how I should like to have been the hero of one of them!"

"Any amount of them. I have heard of the wildest things—moonlight rambles, clandestine excursions of all sorts with the hero of to-night's escapade.

"You know he was down here alone all the summer; and his reputation is none of the best.

"The girl got herself talked about tremendously. Seems to have been quite reckless, in fact."

"But there is some engagement, isn't there?"

"Nobody seems to know. I should advise her to make hay, if there is, while the sun shines. She has gone off surprisingly since her second season.

"I don't think I ever saw any one so much changed in so short a time."

The conversation branched off to other subjects, and after a while the men, yawning, declared, in spite of their previous protestation, that they might as well turn in for an hour or two, after all.

And one by one they dropped out of the room. Dick rose too at last.

The bright daylight was streaming in at the open window.

He turned from it with a sickening sensation. It was of Ninon Masserene those men had been speaking. There had been no need to mention her name.

And it was to that she had fallen! It was the girl who was to have borne his name who had "got herself talked about," who had "been quite reckless."

And, while she had been walking in the moonlight with Mr. Beaufoy, and furnishing material for the anecdotes related by scornful women, she had been writing to him the letters that had been as his life to him all that weary year of absence.

She had been buoying him up with false assurances, false hopes—she had been lieing to him shamelessly, remorselessly, and cruelly.

"Ah!"

He flung himself face downwords upon his bed. The village was waking into life with the rising sun. It was broad day now—the day that was to see the ruin of all his happiness.

He would have shut it out yet longer if he could; but it was there. The night was past. What there was to do must soon be done.

It was not yet noon when once more the iron gate of the little cottage fell behind him, and he walked up between the waving laurels to the door, to ask the news of Mrs. Masserene.

She had passed a bad night, the servant told him.

Miss Ninon had sat up with her. The Doctor had just left, and was to return this evening.

Would the gentleman walk in? She would tell Miss Ninon he was there.

Silently Mr. Strong entered the drawing-room, where he had stood with such throbbing and expectant pulses a few hours before.

In the strong sunlight that was streaming in at the window, the empty vases, the withering plants, the closed piano, looked more dreary than they did on the previous evening.

The words came back to him that the doctor's wife had spoken—"Miss Masserene is never at home now."

He looked with his haggard eyes about the room, and suddenly the contrast betewen it and the fine old drawing-room at Barnes smote upon his consciousness and made him wince.

He had been so eager to leave home, and mother and Mary had wished him good-bye with voices that hardly trembled, though he had been a year away, and with steadfast smiles upon their lips.

He saw them now, all in an instant, as he stood and waited, the warm glow shining about them and making home so pleasant a place to look back on as he drove away.

Mary had waved her hand as she stood at the hall door, with old Bevis at her side and Tiffany clinging about her—Tiffany who had been brought to her for protection—to her, a comparative stranger, when——

He would not finish the sentence

He would not say to himself that Ninon had been false to her sister as she had been false to him.

But for all that the unhappy thought was in his mind.

He felt that to think of her at all was to condemn her.

Ninon had been nervously watching for his knock all the morning.

She had not been to bed at all, having taken the place at her step-mother's bedside of the heavy-eyed servant who had sat up with her mistress until Miss Masserene's arrival from the Priory; and, as she had watched by the restless sleep of the suffering woman, after the Doctor had left her, the girl had time at last to think, to remember what happened—to realize all that might follow.

She was half dazed by the suddenness of the double shock.

An hour ago she had been waltzing with Quentin in her white gown, snatching one last night of forgetfulness from the life that was so nearly at an end for her, telling herself that when Dick came she would confess, she would beg for his forgiveness, she would begin to try to be more worthy of his love; and now—

Now she was sitting in that darkened chamber of pain, all her madness and folly put off with the white splendor of her ball-dress—all her good resolutions as crushed and dead as the roses that had withered on her breast.

Dick had come home at last, and he had refused to touch her hand.

After all that year of misery, doubt, and suspense, that was how they had finally met!

She said this to herself with a stupid reiteration until the words seemed to lose all meaning.

And in the morning he was coming to see her.

She remembered that he had told her that, though all else was confusion in her brain.

And she knew that she was afraid to meet him.

What could she say to him?

If it were true that never until that fatal moment had Quentin dared touch so much as her hand, could she any the more look Dick in the eyes with a blameless conscience, and assure him that she was in no sense to blame for that momentary madness?

To whom should she appeal for confirmation of that assurance if she should dare to make it?

To Brian?

To Brian, who the day before had told her that she was absolutely unworthy of an honest man's belief?

Sitting alone there, the girl drew her delicate under-lip between her teeth, and uttered a low sound of pain and bitterest shame.

Until the moment of her departure she had not exchanged a word with Mr. Beaufoy since he had told her, on the evening of her drive with Quentin, that he had done with her for ever.

He had not seemed to be aware of her presence in his house, or of the fact of her existence.

But, as she was coming down the staircase, in her fur cloak, dressed for her return to Marybridge, she had met him waiting gravely at the side-door where the carriage stood, to express his regrets for the news that she had received, and to make a formal offer of his services if she should in any way require them.

Madame Du Mottay was still in the ball-room.

She had heard nothing; and Ninon would not have her called.

"Say good-bye to Florry for me," she said in a trembling voice.

"And let me say it now to you.

"I shall never come back to the Priory again."

He changed color, but did not utter a word.

"Dick has come back—I suppose Quentin has mentioned the fact to you?" the girl went on.

"Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Beaufoy, before I go?

"You are rid of me now, you know, for good.'

She held out her hand and he took it at once in his own.

"How very cold you are!" he said suddenly.

"You are not fit to go."

"I must," she said.

But the tears rose in her eyes.

He turned and spoke a word to a servant who was passing, and then, still holding her little chill fingers, he drew her towards his own room.

She started suddenly, and would have drawn back.

"Don't be afraid," he said coldly, releasing her at once.

"I only want to give you a little wine before you start."

He threw the door open, and made way for her to pass.

In the thoughts of both this was the last time they would ever stand there together.

Ninon went in at last, and as Mr. Beaufoy brought her some champagne in a glass, she stood and looked with a long, slow look about the room.

Perhaps she was thinking that she would never see it again.

Brian's dog was lying, as usual, by the fire, and got up as he had done before to welcome her.

She stooped down and patted him, and taking the glass from her cousin, she drank some of the wine, and passed out again without a word.

She saw Mr. Beaufoy looking after the carriage as it drove away.

He stood bareheaded under the arch of the little door.

Yes, he had been kind to her at parting, as he would have been to any woman who was in trouble.

But—he had done with her. Had he not told her so?

That chapter of her life was closed for ever.

And to-morrow—to-morrow Dick was coming to see her.

Before long, as the dawn broke coldly in the sick woman's chamber—the dawn from which Richard Strong was hiding his haggard eyes in his room at the Inn—before long she was saying:

"To-day—to-day Dick is coming to see me."

Every hour that struck brought him nearer.

Through all the sharp anxiety of the Doctor's visit, and of Mrs. Masserene's increased agony, that dull pain lay at the bottom of her heart, ready to leap up and torture her as soon as she had a moment in which to think.

And at last, when it was nearly noon, when the poor woman by whose bedside she was watching had fallen into a restless sleep, he came; and she stood up, pale, shivering, with dark rings under her eyes, to go down and meet the man whose promised wife she was.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RICHARD STRONG had wandered to the window in his restlessness, and stood looking out drearily at the creaking leafless trees and the gray cold sky.

He turned as the door opened; and Ninon came in slowly and stood before him looking at him without a word, like some dumb frightened thing.

The young man was shocked at the change he perceived in her.

On the previous night he had seen her flushed, overstrung, splendidly apparelled; he had been too wrathful to notice what now smote him with a sharp and cruel pain.

In her plain dark gown, and with her hair braided tightly away from her face, the delicate lines and wan color of her cheeks and brow showed themselves with startling distinctness.

Her eyes were heavy with sleep and unshed tears; her lips trembled nervously as she waited for him to speak.

"Great heaven!" burst from him involuntarily; and the tears sprang into her blue eyes.

She went a step nearer and half put out her hands.

"Dick!" she faltered, trying to smile at him.

But he drew back.

Flushing painfully, she let her hands fall at her sides.

Her head dropped on her breast. After a few moments of dreadful silence between them, the young man spoke again in a constrained voice.

"I am sorry to hear," he said, "that Mrs. Masserene is no better."

"She is worse," Ninon answered quietly. "She is very, very ill indeed. I must go back to her as soon as possible."

He did not answer her.

He was looking at her still, with a gaze full of misery—at her, the loveliest woman, for all the cruel change that had come over her, that he had ever seen—at her, the woman he had loved so well, and who was lost to him for ever.

And, as he looked, again a groan burst from his lips, and he turned from her and dropped his head and arms upon the chimney-piece near which he stood.

The girl started at the sound, and her face lost its transient color.

She waited a few moments, and then she said gently—

"Dick, I have not long to stay. If you have anything to say to me, will you say it now?"

"If I have anything to say!" he echoed, lifting his head and regarding her, his face disfigured with tears.

"Do you ask me that? Don't you know that I have to say what I can hardly put into words?"

"Yes," she answered patiently; "I know—I know that you have a great deal to say, a great deal to reproach me with; but perhaps"—her lips trembled again—"when I have explained, Dick, you will understand a little better. You—you will not be so hard on me?"

"Too hard upon you!" he echoed again. "To think that Ninon Masserene has fallen so low!"

"Dick!" she cried, catching her breath.

"Oh," he went on fiercely, "I have dreamed of this hour day and night for a long year—of the hour when we should be together again!

"And now it is like this we meet! When you have explained, you say! Well, I will listen to you.

"For heaven's sake, tell me anything, tell me everything that can, as you think, justify you, that can make me forget what I saw last night"—a slow deep blush rose in her pale face—"what I heard after I had left you."

"What you heard!" she echoed faintly.

About her mouth there gathered some piteous lines of suspense, of fear.

"Yes" he answered, in the abrupt words of a man in sharpest pain, "at the inn. There were men there who had come from the ball. Your name"—he ground his teeth at the recollection—"was in all their mouths."

There was a dead silence for some seconds.

Ninon stood before him with bent head and nervously-clasped hands.

Under her eyes the dark circles showed darker than ever against her extreme pallor.

"I dare say I deserve all that they said," she answered then.

"I was very unhappy last night. I gave people some cause to talk perhaps. I wanted not to think, not to remember for a little while; and I had promised my cousin a great many dances."

He interrupted her with an impatient gesture.

"Spare me this," he said.

"I am now speaking of graver changes, Ninon."

The poor fellow groaned.

"Why did not you tell me the truth long ago?

"Do you think that I would have held you to an engagement that you felt you could not keep? Why did you go on writing to me, making me believe that you still cared for me?"

"Because," she broke in quickly, "it was true Dick!

"It is true still.

"Yes!

"In spite of all that you have seen and heard, it is true.

"I think more of your happiness than of any other man's in the world—than of my own.

"Oh, Dick, forget last night, forget everything in my power while you were away to keep my word to you!"

"Your word that you would marry me!" he cried bitterly. "And I—I dreamed that you had given me your heart! Fool that I was!"

She laid her hand timidly upon his arm; but he shook it off, and drew back as he had done before.

"Were you doing your best to keep your word to me," he asked, "when you walked by moonlight with Mr. Beaufoy of the Priory"—she started, and again the lines of fear came back about her mouth—"when you went off on clandestine excursions together, when you behaved so recklessly that the neighborhood rang with your adventures?"

The girl hung her head humbly before him.

"Listen to me, Dick," she said beseechingly.

"I have done a hundred foolish things since you went away.

"I do not deny it.

"But you—you who know something of the difficulties of my position, of my home—should surely be able to make excuses for me!"

He interrupted her again fiercely.

"How am I to bear this?" he demanded. "Is it for an honest woman to ask the man whose wife she was to make excuses for her follies, and worse than follies, while he was away?

"I come back to you—I, a man who have been roughing it in all manner of wild places—with your good-bye kisses on my lips, and you tell me"—he ground out an oath between his set teeth—"that you, a girl, secure in an honest home, have done a hundred foolish things, and ask me to 'make excuses'!"

"Is it so hard then?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"I was alone here, and my cousins came, and naturally we—we saw a good deal of each other.

"It is not as if they had been strangers, Dick."

"Ah," he said bitterly, "it was enough that one of them was the owner of the Priory!"

The quick blood rushed into her cheek at this taunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Almost Sacrificed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

"IT is false—false!" she repeated.

"Hush, madam, hush!" said Alwynne. "In mercy to yourself, your daughter, and the unhappy man involved in your crime, cease this vain denial.

"The facts are clear—your guilt is certain. It only remains for you to submit to my terms, and thank Heaven that you are spared the worst consequences of your crime.

"Will you listen, for time is precious, and I must leave you if you will not compose yourself and accede to my wishes?"

She ceased her low moaning, and a faint "Go on" came from her quivering lips.

"Then here are my terms, madam. You will give to the unhappy misguided man whom you have in your power the forged bills of which you speak and your promise never to refer to his crime.

"Next, you and your daughter must at once prepare to seek another home.

"You will inform Miss Nugent's other guardian and trustee that you prefer leaving Temple Nugent, that she is old enough to be placed at its head, and that you wish a chaperon to be found for her till she is married.

"Finally, you will retract formally in writing the slanders that you have put forth relative to the insanity of Mr. Nugent's brother, and the tendency to it of Miss Nugent."

"But it is true!" she gasped.

"George Nugent died under restraint."

"Thankless woman," exclaimed Alwynne, sternly, "will nothing daunt you? Will nothing humble you to truth and penitence.

"George Nugent was driven by misfortune and the loss of a dearly loved wife to habits of intemperance, which brought on a species of insanity as little to be confounded with the hereditary malady as the delirium of brain fever.

"Had he lived in this neighborhood, you would not have ventured on the falsehood; but, as he died in a distant country, you could turn the accident to your own vile purposes.

"But enough of this.

"Are you prepared to accede to my terms?"

There was a slight pause.

Mrs. Nugent's proud, hardened spirit could scarcely yield even to the terrible danger that stared her in the face. But Alwynne's warning voice roused her. "I must be answered, madam.

"I would not willingly forget that you are Mr. Nugent's widow, but I am not to be trifled with.

"Do you consent?"

"I do."

The voice was choked, but still it spoke the words; and Alwynne quickly drew the writing-table towards him, and began to write a few lines.

"There, madam—sign that," he said.

"Nay, read it first, and then put your name to it.

"I will dispense with the humiliation of witnesses."

She obeyed.

The writing was distinct, though irregular, and Alwynne quietly folded the paper and placed it in his pocket-book.

"Now, madam, for the forged bills."

Mrs. Nugent moved slowly to an escritoire and took from her pocket a small key; with a painful effort, she succeeded in opening the escritoire and took from it some papers which she held out to her companion.

"There," she said—"now you have all you desire; but where is my security?"

Alwynne's lip curled scornfully.

"You have sufficient guarantee in the word of a man of honor, and in the desire I have to shield the name you bear from reproach.

"But I can understand your distrust—you judge others by yourself; however, I will yield to your just fears of exposure."

He wrote a few lines on a piece of paper and gave it to the trembling, yet irate woman before him.

"There," he said, "is your guarantee.

"And now I will leave you to yourself. If you will take my advice, you will lose no time in making all necessary arrangements for leaving a house that must be a source of torture to you; and remember that while you are here your approach to the chamber of your victim is positively forbidden, on pain of all being revealed—all!"

And he left the room with a warning look that spoke more than words to the conscience-stricken, terrified woman.

CHAPTER VII.

CLARA NUGENT woke from a dark, troubled dream, as it appeared to her; a strange sense of bewilderment and exceeding prostration of mind and body almost deprived her of the power either of thinking or of observing objects around her.

She gradually perceived, however, that it was her own room, her own bed in which she was lying, and by degrees the painful remembrance of her illness, and the events that had preceded it, began to dawn slowly on her brain with a wretched, oppressive feeling.

A low moan escaped her—a moan which had its origin in self-pity rather than actual pain, and which sounded touchingly on the ear of the gentle watcher who had sat near her restless couch for many a night and day of pain and fever.

A light step approached the bed.

"Clara," said a sweet voice, "dear Clara, are you in pain?"

The patient looked around with a bewildered air.

The voice was strange to her, and the tones were so sweet and soothing in their pitying accents that she fancied she must be in a dream.

No such loving, womanly tones had reached her ears since her mother's death. She gazed up at the form that stood by her couch.

It was that of a fair girl of about twenty years of age.

Tall, fair, and golden-haired, she looked like a being from another sphere, and there was an expression of calm and gentle repose on the sweet face that had its influence on the beholder.

"Who are you?" asked Clara, wonderingly.

"My name is Lina Fairfax.

"I am a friend of Alwynne Compton's," said the stranger, bending softly over the young sufferer.

"I am come to nurse you by his request; I have been with you during all your illness."

"Have I been ill long?" asked Clara, shivering.

"Yes—three weeks," replied Lina. "You are better now.

"Alwynne will be so thankful; I must go and tell him that you are better, and bring your doctor to you."

"What doctor?" inquired Clara, shivering again.

"Doctor Fairfax, a friend of Alwynne's," answered the fair nurse, and a slight color came in her cheeks.

"Be composed, dear Clara; you have none but loving friends near you.

"Those whom you fear have left the house. And without another word she glided from the room.

Clara lay watching the door through which Lina Fairfax had disappeared.

A misty idea that it was all a vision possessed her.

The girl was so angel-like that she might well have figured in a dream or a delicious vision as one from another sphere.

Then came the sound of the name on her memory as one that had some familiar associations with it.

"Lina Fairfax!"

Yes, as the mists gradually cleared from the girl's brain, and the wretched memories of the past returned more distinctly, she remembered all that was connected with that name.

This was the Lina who had saved Alwynne's life in India—this the Lina whom Doctor Fairfax had quoted as having a right to question Alwynne's bestowing interest and admiration on any other woman—this the Lina who would come between her and the only being whom she loved or who could care for her on earth!

She was so fair and gentle and sweet, and yet so brave.

No wonder that Alwynne loved her—no wonder that the playmate of his boyish days was forgotten, and that she seemed unattractive and nervous, and wilful almost past forbearance, when contrasted with so angelic a creature.

Tears fell from Clara's eyelids.

She was too weak to feel more than a depressed, hopeless sense of her utter desolation, of the impossibility that she could ever be loved.

Only a few minutes elapsed before Lina returned, but they sufficed for piteous, despairing thoughts to weigh down the young heart; and, as the light step of the young nurse approached the bed, Clara instinctively turned from the beautiful face that at once attracted and saddened her.

The girl and her companion stood gazing with intense sympathy and interest at the wan, pale face that lay on the pillow.

Then a voice—not Lina's—spoke.

"Miss Nugent—Clara—you are better.

"We shall bring you among us again very soon now."

She looked round as the kind manly tones fell on her ears.

It was Charles Fairfax who spoke.

He laid his fingers on the slender wrist which lay helplessly outside the coverlet.

"You are safe now, dear Miss Nugent," he said. "A few days will bring you round, and then I shall give you up to other guardianship.

"I little thought that my first patient in England would be little Clara of whom I heard Compton talk so frequently."

His hand was still on her pulse.

It throbbed feebly, but distinctly, and a half-smile crossed his grave features.

"There," he added, "I am not going to talk to you now, or let Lina talk to you.

"I shall go and prepare some medicine, and quiet Alwynne's anxieties, and then, after you have taken what I shall send you, I must forbid another word being spoken till I come again."

And with a significant glance at the young nurse he left the room.

Clara was conscious of a slight glow of comfort.

At least Alwynne had remembered her—at least he was very anxious about her. She was wrong to doubt him, and selfish to wish to engross the whole of his interest and affection.

He would be happy with that sweet girl, and she must learn to be happy in their bliss.

And with a deep sigh that had more of exhaustion than of sorrow in it, she gave herself up to the langour that oppressed her.

Soon Lina again approached the bed, with a small tray on which were some jelly and a bottle of mixture.

"There—Charles has mixed this himself, and the jelly is the manufacture of your old housekeeper, Mrs. Mason, whom Alwynne sent for to superintend the household when Mrs. Nugent left. I am quite sure you will like it."

Clara looked up doubtingly.

Had she heard aright?

"Is she gone—is my—my step-mother gone?" she asked feebly.

"Gone for ever, dear Clara; you are under different guardianship now, and I will have love and care bestowed on you when you are well.

"You shall hear all later on, but if you speak now I must leave you. Charles forbade another word."

And Lina stooped quietly over the sick girl, kissed her brow as softly as if it had been an infant's and then sat down within view of the invalid, and soon had the delight of seeing her sink into a calm and gentle sleep.

* * * * * * *

Two days went by and still Clara remained in the same feeble, nervous state that baffled Doctor Fairfax's art more than any active malady could have done.

The strength was so completely enfeebled, the nerves were so terribly shaken, that the utmost care was necessary.

Lina watched over her charge with the tenderness of a sister. But Clara seemed little disposed to return her kindness with aught but a grateful smile and a feeble "You are so good to me."

She spoke little, and seemed to pass her time in a kind of stupor, her eyes fixed on Lina, and her lips moving in inaudible murmurs that were evidently not intended for the nurse's ears.

"This will never do, Charles," said Lina to the Doctor on the fourth day of Clara's unsatisfactory convalescence; "the poor girl is evidently brooding over some terrible fancy or other which not even Mrs. Nugent's departure can remove.

"Either you or Alwynne or I must do something to rouse her.

"It rests with you—the doctor—to decide which of us it is to be."

Doctar Fairfax stood and mused for a few minutes.

"I will trust it to you, Lina dear," he said; "I can scarcely fear that your tact and judgment will be better now than my own skill.

"Her physical strength is better, and she only needs gentle nursing to hasten her recovery, but, as you say, she needs rousing."

"I think I can manage to touch the chord that may lead to some change in her state," responded Lina.

"But you must empower me to do so without misleading her."

And she moved forward and whispered in the Doctor's ear, while a rosy flush came to her fair cheeks.

"You are too versed in reading such symptoms," remarked Doctor Fairfax laughing, "to be deceived even in that reserved nature."

A quarter of an hour after Lina was seated by Clara's bed, apparently bent upon conversation.

"Clara dear, I am planning for you to leave your bed to-morrow.

"Mr. Compton is so anxious to see you, and my cousin says that it will be impossible to allow it till you were strong enough to be laid on a sofa."

Clara opened her eyes, which had been languidly closed.

"Your cousin?" she repeated. "Do you mean Doctor Fairfax?"

"Yes," replied Lina, with a smile and deepening bloom.

"Whom did you suppose I meant, Clara?"

"I—I thought he was your brother," said Clara, hastily.

"And what made you think that?" Lina asked.

Clara's eyes were fixed inquiringly on her face.

"Because Alwynne said his friend's sister saved his life, and I saw you were the Lina he spoke of."

A quick flush came as she spoke, for Clara remembered that the name was only uttered when she was supposed not to be within hearing.

But Miss Fairfax did not appear to take notice of it.

"Alwynne was very good to call it 'saving his life,' she said, quietly. "But it was only what any one would have done. And I was his 'friend's sister,' or his most intimate companion was my only brother; but then Charles, my cousin, was very nearly as old and as intimate a friend as Frank.

"Alwynne was more thrown in contact with Charles during the last months of his stay in India, and he brought him through the severe illness from which he was recovering when the incident of the snake occurred."

Clara was not very learned in love-symptoms, but there was something in the look and tone of Lina Fairfax, when speaking of her cousin, which could scarcely fail to excite suspicion of the interest in the "Charles" whom she thus vindicated so warmly.

A warmer tint spread over Clara's wan cheek when she spoke next.

"And did you nurse Alwynne when he was ill?"

"Partly.

"He was near our house, and Charles begged me to superintend the native nurse; and of course I did so, as he wished it."

A soft smile stole over Lina's face, as she watched the effect of her words.

The prescription seemed to work favorably, so she then ventured to increase the dose.

"I was so glad to come to you, dear Clara, when Mr. Compton came for me. Papa was summoned into Wales to see after some property he had just inherited there, and I could therefore leave him without any difficulty."

Clara smiled faintly—she seemed relapsing into her old feeble languor.

"You will leave him altogether soon, I suppose?" she said. "But pardon me—I am very impertinent; only I am so interested in him, and you have been so kind."

"Please not to make me jealous, Miss Nugent," returned Lina, wilfully misunderstanding her companion.

"Charles is quite taken with you already and I am not at all inclined to risk any more attention on your part.

"I think it is fortunate I am here, or I might lose my lover."

"Your lover!" exclaimed Clara, and her lips quivered.

"Yes; I am to be Charles's wife in so short a time that I suppose there is nothing shocking in my confessing it.

"I want you to get well, to be my bridesmaid, as Alwynne has already promised to be 'best man' on the occasion.

"And now I have talked quite enough, and I shall leave you to your own reflections."

And, kissing Clara's warm lips, Lina left her to think over the new revelation thus afforded her.

Lina's kind words were as light in the dark gloom that had enveloped Clara.

At least Lina was not Alwynne's betrothed bride.

He might love another—he might be affianced to another—but then—then——Clara's cheeks deepened into something like a healthful bloom, far different from the delicate paleness that had overspread them since her last shock.

It was wonderful how the invalid's relish for the dainty meals brought to her were increased during the day; and, when Doctor Fairfax paid his usual evening visit, he found his patient's pulse greatly improved in vigor.

He sat down by the bed, and tried to converse with his patient.

"Well, Miss Clara, I see you will soon escape from this thraldom, and fly about your domain like an escaped bird; but before I withdraw the interdict I intend to exact from you a promise to obey my regime.

"I think you read too much, and think too much, and I intend you to ride a great deal more, laugh a great deal more, and sing a great deal more than you have ever done yet.

"Will you promise?"

The girl looked eagerly in his face.

"I will neither promise nor obey, unless you answer me one question."

"What is it?"

Clara paused for a minute, and then said timidly——

"Will you tell me whether I have anything the matter with my heart?"

"You have."

"Am I likely to die suddenly?" pursued Clara.

Doctor Fairfax smiled a reassuring smile, and answered in the negative.

"Shall I get well?"

"Certainly, if you obey my directions. All that is wrong in your system is due entirely to mismanagement and nervousweakness."

"You are very good," she remarked, gratefully, "to take so much care of me."

But there was a subdued languor in the tone which showed that some painful thought remained.

"Oh, I shall make you over to other hands very soon," said the Doctor, laughing. "And now I must wish you good night.

"Compton is waiting to smoke his evening cigar with me on the grounds, and perhaps for a report of my patient into the bargain.

"Good night."

And he left her to the enjoyment of what he anticipated would be about the most peaceful repose she had known for many a long day.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLARA was laid on a couch in the boudoir where she had spent so many weary, so many painful, so many tearful hours.

Very sweet and beautiful she looked in her white wrapper and the rose-colored ribbons.

Lina threw a light coverlet over the reclining figure, placed a pillow under her head, and then sat down and began to read.

She could see the anxious, restless look of the young girl's eyes, the trembling of her hands.

She saw how she was longing for and yet dreading the advent of the playmate of her childhood, the friend and deliverer of her youth, but would not appear to notice her agitation.

Soon a quiet subdued step drew near. A gentle tap was heard at the door.

Lina opened it, admitted the applicant, and disappeared as he entered.

"Clara, my poor darling!"—"Alwynne, dear Alwynne!"

She could not help it.

His tone was so tender, his look so reassuring, so like the protecting look of former days, that the words came spontaneously from her lips.

He stooped and pressed his lips on her white cheek; then, sitting down by her, and holding her hand in his, he gazed into her eyes with a look that she could not mistake, could not meet, and yet would not have missed for worlds.

"My darling, how you have suffered!" he said. "But, thank Heaven, it is all over now.

"You are mine from this day, mine till death—are you not, Clara?"

For one blissful minute her head dropped on his shoulder from the pillow whereon he had laid it, her hand rested in his, and her eyes glanced up with a look of love and happiness which he met with a bright sunny smile of triumph and joy. Then her face clouded.

"Alwynne, dearest Alwynne, do not be angry; but I must not, I dare not. You do not know—you cannot imagine."

He clasped her closer to him.

"What do I not know my darling?" he asked.

"What dare you not do?

"Dare you not love the playmate of your childhood, the adopted son of your own parents?

"What have I done to forfeit your love, Clara?"

"What have you done?

"Nothing but what is noble and good and kind," she replied.

"But Alwynne, it is because I love you—and I am not ashamed to confess that I do love you dearly—that I must not be your wife."

"What is this new fancy, Clara?" asked Alwynne, surprised.

"Is it a remnant of the wretched thraldom that nearly proved your death?"

"No," replied the distressed girl, shaking her head.

"You must know, Alwynne, that I can never be your wife.

"I have heard a wretched, hideous tale—that—that my father's brother died insane, and that I may be the victim of the same terrible malady."

"Clara, my injured darling, be at peace," broke out Alwynne, joyfully.

"The tale was true and false—and the worst kind of falsehood is that which has some truth in it.

"Your uncle did die without the full possession of his faculties, but with a brain fevered and weakened by evil habits that had nothing to do with any hereditary tendency.

"Now will you answer me? Will you be mine—mine for life?"

She hesitated, though again a sly, arch smile came over her lips.

"I must have another question answered first."

"What is it, you little tyrant?" he demanded.

"I must first make a confession, and then ask my questions," said Clara, smiling.

"You remember the night I was taken ill?

"Well, that night you and Doctor Fairfax were talking.

"It was very wrong of me to listen, but I was near the dining-room window, and heard my own name, and I stayed, without really thinking of what I was doing.

"I heard you speak of promises that you had made, and that seemed to bind you to me, so much so, I fancied, that they would prevent you from carrying out some other wish that you had at heart."

"That is to say, you supposed I was really making it a duty to fall in love with and marry the heiress of Temple Nugent," he interposed, laughing.

"Look in my face, little simpleton, and repeat that if you dare!"

She did try to look, but her eyes soon fell under his.

He gently replaced her head on the soft pillow, and, clasping the little hand tightly in his, he said, deliberately—

"Listen to me, Clara.

"From the day that I first saw you, a beautiful, winning child, playing with the lovely blossoms at your mother's feet, I loved you—and I have never varied in that love.

"During the years that I remained in your father's house, and while in the distant East, I never even dreamed that any other could take the place of my sweet Clara in my heart; and, now that I have returned to find her all, or nearly all, that my fairest dreams or wishes could picture, I feel how true was the instinct of the boy as to the desires of the man.

"When I left your dear mother, Clara, we exchanged secrets.

"She told me the fears she entertained of her disease, which would never have preyed on her had not evil purposes and schemes been at work to destroy her peace; and I, in my turn, told her that it was my earnest wish, my anxious hope, to win my darling little playfellow for my bride in after days. Such was my feeling then, and such is my feeling now; but Mrs. Nugent did not then tell me, what I afterwards learned, that my father had been the lover of her youth, and that he had only been prevented from winning her by want of the fortune which Mr. Nugent had to offer to his heart's idol. I did not guess then the reason of her mournful injunction not to attempt to make known my wishes, except in the event of my being able to offer what would be considered an equivalent for the treasure I asked.

"But such was her desire; and therefor, when she died, and I found that my letters were answered by your father with but scanty mention of my little playmate, and when, after his sudden death, they were only formally answered by your step-mother, and no news given of you but that you were tolerably well, but still a great body and mind—then I determined to leave off writing altogether till I had some chance to ascertain the truth about my little pet, and to make my own arrangements respecting her.

"It was not till I saw you once more, till I heard your step-mother's cruel insinuations, that I began to harbor some slight fears that my return might have been too late to save my darling from the malady that Mrs. Nugent pretended was constitutional.

"But my pet is now delivered from the wicked influences that have hung like a pall over the brightness of her life, and it will be my study to surround her with sunshine that shall cheer and invigorate so tender a flower."

Clara laid her head on his shoulder and clasped the hand that stole round her waist—feeling that she was now shielded from wind and storm by the strong arm and the noble nature of one of the noblest of men.

* * * * * * *

Alwynne officiated at the wedding of Charles and Lina Fairfax, some two months after Clara's recovery; and in about another year the former "best man" and bridesmaid stood at the same altar in different and more important characters.

Mrs. Nugent's consent to the union had been formally asked, by way of legalizing the marriage, and as formally and briefly given; but she never came within cognizance of those whom she had so deeply injured, either on that occasion or during the months and years that elapsed before Clara's final majority gave her complete independence of any control from guardians or trustees.

It was not known for some time where the guilty woman and her vain and haughty daughter had taken up their abode, nor where Doctor Selby had hidden his shame and disgrace.

But about two years later it was bruited abroad that the younger lady had married Doctor Selby, and that that gentleman was practising in the south of France, under the roof of his mother-in-law.

"Clara, my darling," said Alwynne, after he had conveyed the news to his wife, "you are at last avenged.

"I scarcely know which will endure the bitterer punishment for their past sins against you, but at least I can safely predict that the misery you endured will be suffered tenfold by the miserable pair."

"I can pardon them from my heart now," responded Clara, her eyes glistening, "for I believe that only one who has lived under the darkness and the gloom of such thraldom can fully appreciate the sunshine and the liberty of a true husband's gentle rule."

[THE END.]

Animal and Human.—In a lecture on intelligence, Professor Romanes laid down the extraordinary proposition that "the only difference between animal intelligence and human intelligence is:—That animal intelligence unable is to elaborate that class of abstract ideas the formation of which depends on the faculty of speech."

This is startling doctrine; and yet some of the authentic anecdotes embodied in an article on the subject seemed to go far to support it.

What, too, are we to say of the act of the Mount St. Bernard dog, when the sagacious creature, seeing a child on a railroad, over which a train was swiftly approaching, dashed forward in the nick of time, and dragged the little one from the point of danger.

The amazing intelligence of the Scotch collie dog, which will bring home in safety from long distances whole flocks of sheep without leaving one behind, and which will even separate its master's sheep from others when they become intermingled, if not indicative of reason gives token of a faculty which for the purpose in hand is not inferior to it.

Dr. Lindsay, in fact, directly claims for certain of what we call the lower animals an intelligence greater than that of the human savage; and there are feats recorded of animals, of which probably millions of human beings would be quite incapable.

An incident for which we can vouch has never to our knowledge been given in print, and is a contribution worth deserving to the discussion in hand.

A gentleman was induced by the scepticism of some friends to make a wager to the following effect:—He undertook to send a favorite dog, a Newfoundland, from a place more than a mile from his house, for a flute which was to be put in its usual case in the owner's room.

The doors of the house were to be closed, and no one was to accompany or direct the dog in any way whatever after he received the instructions of his master. The dog actually accomplished the feat.

He got into the house by a window opening on a piazza, made his way to the room, found the flute, and took it safely to its destination.

The sagacious creature had been used to carry the flute for his master, who was a brilliant amateur, and had of course been previously shown where to look for it in the room. The same animal often took pennies to the butcher's and bought his own meat.

It must be admitted that there are some domestic servants, to say nothing of the savages referred to by Dr. Lindsay, whose intelligence might easily fall short of that of the shaggy hero of our story.

IT is said that Senator Tabor, recently married, gave each of his colleagues an elaborate after wedding-card, bound with a a heavy band of Colorado silver, and costing

Scientific and Useful.

Preserved Meats.—Diluted nitro-muriatic acid is proposed by an Italian scientist for the preservation of meat and of animal substances for scientific purposes. The proportion of the acid to organic matter is not stated.

Climbing Mercury.—A strong infusion of sassafras root is recommended as a powerful remedy for poisoning mercury. When it is cool, cloths are wet in it and applied frequently to the patient. A day's treatment usually effects a cure.

Teeth, Eyes and Ears.—It is proposed in Paris that a medical service be formed for the purpose of ascertaining what chronic or constitutional diseases affect the teeth, eyes or ears of the pupils in the public schools, and of devising suitable remedy for the ailments.

Road-Rail.—A rail for common roads has been introduced in France. It is imbedded in concrete, and is flush at the edge with the roadway. From the sides it slopes down to the centre, so as to enable the wheels of vehicles to retain their places upon it. The estimated cost is about $2 a yard.

The Electric Light.—There is one thing to be said about the incandescent electric light, with all its drawbacks. It neither vitiates the air nor gives the high and often unbearable temperature of gas. No doubt one of these days electric illumination of dwellings will be a usual thing in large cities.

Cure for Dandruff.—A correspondent of the Druggists' Circular recommends the following as the best remedy against dandruff, itching of the scalp, and falling of the hair: Borate of soda, 10 drachms; salicylic acid, 10 scruples; tincture of cantharides, 7 ounces; bay rum, 25 ounces; rose water, 25 ounces; boiling water, enough to make 4 1-2 pints. Dissolve the borax and the acid in boiling water; mix the bay rum and rose water with the solution; then add the rest, and filter.

Flour-Mixer.—From the Engineering Review it is learned that an ingenious flour-making apparatus is in use in France. A hopper is divided into two or three compartments, having each at its smaller part a door opening on a fluted cylinder of the same length as the hopper itself. This cylinder carries away the flour out of each compartment in proportion to the aperture given to the feeding-doors into a screw, the beaters of which, half one way and half the other, brings back the whole in the centre of the mixing chamber on an agitator.

Horned Men.—The last alleged discovery is that there are horned men in Africa. A Captain Hay recently read a paper before the British Association, in which he stated that he had seen them, and exhibited sketches of them. He thought that they belonged to the class of malformations of which there was a noted example in the case of the "porcupine man," who had horny plaits on both parts of his body. It was remarkable that the horn was peculiar to the male sex. Most anthropologists think the gallant captain is either joking or romancing.

Farm and Garden.

Hogs and Poultry.—Charcoal should be fed to hogs and poultry. Experiment shows same amount of feed will produce a far greater amount of flesh and fat when fed with plenty of charcoal.

Fowl Cholera.—A Kentucky farmer cures fowl cholera by boiling a bushel of smartweed in ten gallons of water down to three gallons, and mixing the decoction with their food twice a day for three days, then every other day for a week.

Milk.—The milk of a cow in her third or fourth calf is generally richer than a younger one, and will continue so for several years. In dry seasons the quality is generally richer, although cool weather favors the production of the cheese. Hot weather increases the yield of butter.

Layering.—Layering consists simply in bending down a branch and keeping it in contact with or buried to a small depth in the soil, until roots are formed. The connection with the parent plant may then be severed. Many plants can be far more easily propagated thus than by cuttings.

Bees.—The best time for shipping bees any considerable distance is in April or quite early in May, before the combs are too heavy with brood, though with proper care in procuring them and ordinary usage in handling, they may be shipped at any time with comparative safety, except in quite cold weather.

Cabbage and Corn.—A writer in the Fruit Recorder makes the statement that one of the neighbors planted some cabbage-plants among corn where the corn missed, and the butterflies did not find them. He has, therefore, come to the conclusion that if the cabbage-patch was in the middle of the corn-field the butterflies would not find them, as they fly low and like plain sailing.

Old and Young.—Every old cow on the place, or young one either, that is not either an extra breeder or milker, should be dried up as soon as possible and fatted. There will be more or less soft corn in every corn-field; this will be just the thing for the old cows. A regular and systematic system of weeding out old and unprofitable cows should be practiced annually. The dairymen understand from test the milking value of every cow.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
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GOOD MANNERS.

Certain well-defined traits of character mark the true lady and gentleman the world over; and among these good manners are never wanting in due prominence. Good manners imply more than mere ceremony, mere attention to established forms. The habitual observance of certain conventional rules and usages does not make a lady or gentleman.

Some degree of formality is necessary in conducting our relations and intercourse with one another, but there must be with it some heart—some genuine love for our kind; otherwise we can neither be the instruments or recipients of enjoyments in the midst of the social circle.

Good manners originate in good sense and good nature. The one perceives the obligations we owe to society, while the other heartily accords and enforces them. Formed for society by the very conditions of our nature, our interests and happiness in life are necessarily in what we contribute to its aggregate good; hence it is our interest, as it should be our pleasure, to do all in our power to promote the social well-being of our fellows.

Those who shun society, or who fail to bear themselves in it with reference to its entertainment and pleasure, do so by default of either good sense or good-nature, or both, because they thus cut themselves off from the chief source of human enjoyment, not to speak of the wrong they thereby do to others.

The soul that feels the genial touch of nature, the stirring of noble sentiments and feelings within, acts in the social world for the joy and comforts of its fellow souls as well as for its own; hence the true lady or gentleman is always courteous and pleasant, affable and kind. Good sense and good-nature both unite to make them so.

Good manners constitute the most valuable of earthly possessions. All may have them by the cultivation of the affections, and none without it. Only for the few are learning and genius, wit and beauty, wealth and fame; but good manners, with their dowry of happiness, are for all who are willing to pay the price of self-culture. That lady lives not, whatever her station in life, but who by an amiable temper, pleasant words and kind acts, may shed light and comfort on the hearts and homes of earth.

That man is yet to be born who may not possess those elements of power, if true to the obligations of his being, which brighten and bless human society. There is a wealth of affection and kindness in every human heart, if properly developed, and the development and expenditure of the same in social life is a duty we, at once, owe to ourselves and the world.

SANCTUM CHAT.

DR. THOMAS TAYLOR, of Washington, has made some investigations which convince him that the common house-fly, aside from being an annoying pest, is possessed of the capacity of transmitting disease by carrying the germs from place to place.

AN official report of a recent meeting of the Salvation Army in Brooklyn reads as follows: "Holiness meeting grand; free and easy splendid; evening meeting splendid time. Many under deep conviction so as they couldn't stay; they took their hats and rushed out of the hall."

IMMIGRATION into the United States attracts general attention, because the people arrive in numbers, but who ever thinks to count the population which shifts from one State to another? The census of 1880 shows between six and seven millions of foreign-born citizens. But it also reveals the fact that nearly seven millions of native-born Americans are living in other States from those in which they were born.

THERE are few of us who do not at times feel ruffled, frightened, and depressed at the criticism, ridicule, or superficial judgments that may be passed upon us. Perhaps the feeling itself is natural, and not without its possible use. But that depends wholly upon how we treat it. If it simply arouses us to review our position, to examine into the quality of the criticism, and give it its due weight, and thus to stand steadfastly upon a still firmer basis, it has done a good work. But if in our terror of being censured or laughed at, we suddenly repudiate our opinions, or let go our principles, or abandon our plans, or change our methods, then we have begun to forge for ourselves chains of slavery which will bind us with ever-firmer bonds to the most fickle and unreasonable of tyrants.

THE number of manufacturing establishments in this country in 1850 was 123,020. Ten years later they had increased to 140,148. In the next decade the number advanced to 252,148; but between 1870 and 1880 the increase was hardly noticeable, the number in 1880 being 253,340. A different rate of increase is shown in the amount of capital employed. In 1850 it was $533,245,351, increasing to $1,009,855,715 in 1860, and doubling again between 1860 and 1870 to $2,118,208,769. Between 1870 and 1880 it was increased to something like $2,800,000,000.

ENGLAND pays more than five million dollars to Crown pensioners who have never rendered their country any service. The Duke of Grafton has, for instance, been paid $1,200,000 at different times, and still draws $4,500 a year for an office which was abolished in the reign of Charles II. The Duke of Marlborough continues to receive $20,000 a year, and the Duke of Wellington has the same amount, both for services rendered by their predecessors. Nobody knows to what extent the first Duke of Marlborough plundered the country, but nearly $2,500,000 was paid by Parliament for Blenheim alone.

IT cannot be denied that amusement is one of the most powerful influences of life. The manner in which it is indulged largely decides the character of the people. For good or for evil, it is moulding the rising generation as much, perhaps, as the schools, and the older ones as much as their employment. The very vehemence with which well-meaning people sometimes attack low, impure, or unhealthy amusements, which are too often the only available ones to the poor and ignorant, shows that they are fully awake to their power for evil. The strange thing is that they do not see that in other forms they may be made an equal power for good, and that as either one or the other they must exist. They exert all efforts to abrogate them, unconscious that it is a useless and impossible task unless they provide a substitute.

IT is not the quantity of study that one gets through, or the amount of reading, that makes a great man, but the appositeness of the study to the purpose for which it is pursued—the concentration of the mind for the time being upon the subject under consideration, and the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated. The most profitable study is that which is conducted with a definite and specific object, all observation, reflection, and reading being directed upon it for the time being. By thoroughly mastering any given branch of knowledge, we render it much more available for use at any moment. Hence, it is not enough merely to have books, or to know where to read up for information as we want it. Practical wisdom, for the purposes of life, must be carried around with us, and be ready for use at call. It is not sufficient that we have a fund laid up at home, but not a farthing in the pocket; we must carry about with us a store of the current coin of knowledge ready for exchange on all occasions, else we are comparatively helpless when the opportunity for action occurs.

FROM an acorn weighing only a few grains a tree will grow, for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons. If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth weighed, when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very near the same quantity of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air, and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements, all equally essential to both vegetable and animal life.

magnesia is important to any of the tissues. Thus it is that the more persons are out of doors, the more healthy they are, and the longer they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon during the winter, and in the early forenoon during the summer.

THE use of sea-weed in Ireland as an article of food is not new to the people who dwell along the coasts. In the very best times they consume a considerable amount of the choicest varieties for medical purposes. That which has the greatest popularity grows luxuriantly upon rocks that are submerged during high tide. The saving process is a very simple one. At low tide the wives and daughters of fishermen gather it in baskets and spread it in such a way that it will catch the sun. The effect of this treatment changes the greenish color to a dark purple, and it is then stored in bags. On the western coast the people call it dilusk, and sell it to summer visitors. As an appetizer it is considered very effective. It is a common sight at the western watering places to see the children munching it during the midday airings on rock and heath. But as the effect of this kind of sea-weed is to increase rather than allay hunger in those unaccustomed to its use, the natives of the coast line cannot be expected to derive a great amount of nourishment from it as a regular diet.

POPULARLY, says a physician, it is thought injurious to partake of food at night, but unless dinner or supper have been late, or the stomach disordered, it is harmless and beneficial—that is, if one be hungry. Four to five hours have elapsed since the last meal, invalids and the delicate should always eat at bedtime. This seems heretical, but it is not. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the powers grow dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness is often merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you fall asleep. The physician above referred to was recently called, at five o'clock in the morning, to see a lady, who assured him she was dying. The body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation he ordered buttered bread (hot milk or beef tea were better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life and a great desire to sleep.

THE report of some remarkable experiments in artificial child incubation comes from France. Dr. Tavernier, a learned and ingenious physician, had his attention much attracted to the immense success which has attended the artificial incubation of chickens. He was attached to a hospital for foundlings, and the majority of the infants admitted to the hospital were weak, sickly children. The doctor constructed his child incubator on precisely the model of the ordinary chicken incubator. He then selected a "miserably-made infant," who had come into the world at an injudiciously early period. The infant was placed in the incubator with a nursing-bottle, and kept in a dark room. It ceased to cry on the second day, and, to the surprise of the doctor, though it had been a preternaturally sleepless child, it sank into a deep and quiet sleep. It remained eight weeks in the incubator, during which time it never once cried, and never remained awake except when taking nourishment. At the end of sixty days, when it was removed from the incubator, it had the appearance of a healthy infant of at least a year old. He then tried a child of six months, addicted to the usual pains and colics. This child conducted itself as its predecessor had done, never cried, spent its whole time in sleep, and grew as if it had made up its mind to embrace the career of a professional giant. It had doubled its weight in six weeks, resembled a child of three years, and could actually walk by holding on to a convenient piece of furniture. The doctor now has an incubator of the capacity of 400 infants, and in it has placed every one of the 360 infants, varying from eight days to eleven months, who

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY C. J.

To gaze on him, the loved one, and to trace
His image (which no time can e'er efface)
On the heart's tablets; then, when he is gone,
Mem'ry of him may cheer thee when alone;
To see him smile, to watch his speaking eye
Gazing on thine, as if it asked reply;
To know his voice amid a hundred round,
And feel thy beating heart respond the sound.

To lean confiding on his arm, and know,
If danger threatens, 'twill avert the blow;
To listen for his footsteps, and to hear
Thy own heart beat with love and doubt and fear;
To hear at last his step, and rise to greet
The one thy heart yearns fondly thus to meet;
To think of him when absent, and to pray
For grace to guide him on his perilous way.

To hear him praised for deeds of goodness done;
To see him envied, and to know thou'st won
His pure, fond love, and that whatever betide,
In weal or woe, thy place is by his side;
To love him better in misfortune's hour
Than in his youthful prime, his day of power;
To feel, though Fortune frown, though friends forsake,
Though sorrows overwhelm, thou for his sake
Canst smile at Fate, and cheer and bless his lot—
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Though sickness bows the form, and dims the eye
Whose glance controlled thy youthful destiny;
Though pain may chafe thy spirit e'en to vent
On thee a murmur of its discontent,
Yet o'er his couch wilt thou unwearied bend,
And soothe and bless, though pangs thy bosom rend;
To see him suffer, and to feel and know
That e'en thy love cannot avert the blow.

To watch the livelong night, and weep and pray
For him, the loved one, till the dawn of day;
To see the wasted form, the sunken eye
Still gazing on thee, though imploringly;
To press thy lips upon thy pallid brow,
And try to smile, lest grief thy tears avow;
To catch from lips so loved the last faint breath,
Then, shrinking, own the bitterness of death!

Checkmated.

BY A. M. E.

"GOOD morning, Jasper: how are you?"

"Mornin' to you, sir; why, pretty hearty 'cept the pegs. The rumatis do twist 'em about a bit, certain-ly," said the speaker, with a twinge of agony.

He was a merry old fellow, and I was a merry young one; he was my servant and my uncle's, and I also was my uncle's servant in a different capacity.

People who knew me said I was a fortunate fellow, and distinctly hinted something about a silver spoon.

Jasper was a superannuated coastguardsman, his salary was one pound per week and a few extras; his only private perquisites being, so far as I am aware, the most extraordinary rheumatic tortures man ever had.

"Sun's up, Mr. Harry, time the moon went to roost."

The allusion to the heavenly bodies was a poetic conceit of his, and always afforded him considerable amusement.

The ground of this poetic conceit was that he was in charge of the premises during the night, and was released when I appeared on the scene in the morning.

My uncle was a diamond merchant of considerable wealth.

His business place was in Hatton Garden, and his private residence at Hampstead.

Keen, strict, almost stern in business hours, it was at home, after dinner had vanished, that the lines on my uncle's face relaxed and the genial, generous man stood revealed.

I was the only child of his youngest sister, who died a few months after my birth. As I was alone in the world—my father having been lost at sea almost on the day my dear mother died—my uncle determined to make a man of me.

I had grown into a well-educated young man, and had been, at the age of eighteen, placed in a responsible position in my uncle's business.

On the morning when Jasper indulged in the pleasantries I have just mentioned, seven years had passed since I entered the office.

The entire control of the business was in my hands, and it was well known my uncle regarded me as his heir apparent.

This morning, there being nothing of unusual importance to be attended to, uncle had not accompanied me when I sat out from Hampstead, saying he would come down after luncheon.

It being Monday—on which day we usually left business an hour or two earlier—and having completed a long inspection of a heavy consignment of diamonds, I was just turning the key in the last safe, when my uncle drove up to the door, and he ran in with his well-known quick step.

But when he stood before me, I noticed that he was paler than usual, and appeared to have been recently agitated.

"You are unwell, uncle; what can I do to ease you?" I asked.

"Oh, it's nothing, my boy; I shall be well directly.

"If there is nothing you wish to attend to here, we will return at once, and I'll explain the matter to you," he said, trying, with poor success, to summon his usual smile.

In a few minutes I was seated next him, and he had handed me the reins.

I forbore questioning him, and for a mile or so he sat silent.

Then, as if rousing himself from a deep reverie, he suddenly exclaimed, with a

"You remember Jack Langton?"

I certainly did remember Jack as a young man of a very unenviable reputation, who, after a long course of preying upon his widowed mother—who was a distant relative of my uncle—had, when he had nearly exhausted her means, insolently demanded assistance from my uncle.

For the sake of his mother, this system of extortion had been submitted to with good grace, until Mr. Langton was "wanted" to explain a matter to which the law applied the stern epithet of forgery, and could nowhere be found.

My uncle proceeded: "I had this morning, as I drove down to 'the Garden'"—we always spoke of our dingy place in this flowery style—"the most painful adventure that has ever befallen me.

"A man rushed from behind a hedge, and shouted to me to halt.

"As it was broad daylight, I thought he must have some message for me, and so, entertaining no suspicion, I pulled up to hear what he had to say.

"You may judge of my surprise when a closer scrutiny of the man revealed unmistakably the person of Jack.

"He was worn and haggard, and he had disguised himself as far as possible. The complaint from which he suffered, was the want of money; and I gave him a note for ten pounds, telling him that if he again presented himself before me, I would denounce him to the police.

He pocketed the note without the least acknowledgment, and turning away, as I thought, to proceed on his journey, he sprang savagely upon me, trying to wrest my pocket-book from my hand. I was too quick for him, and, thanks to my elevated position threw him off and drove on."

We arrived at home a few minutes before the ordinary dinner-hour.

A knock came to the door, and the butler electrified us by announcing that Mr. Jasper begged pardon, but could he see my uncle or Mr. Harry.

Jasper had never been to the house before, and was the most unlikely man in the world to come with a false alarm of any kind.

Clearly something of importance had happened, was happening, or was about to happen.

"Show him up," said my uncle, and when he was shown up I could scarcely help smiling at his perfectly unruffled, beaming face.

"Well, Jasper, anything the matter?" said my uncle.

"Sit down, sit down," as Jasper continued standing, engaged in turning his hat round and round between his fingers, apparently undecided what to do with it; and, preparatory to sitting down, he deposited it very carefully in the corner of the room next the door.

"Why, gentleman, I made bold to come up and see yer, conskwent on a little affair as happened this afternoon about just five o'clock.

"The old sea-dog, which is Jasper, gentlemen, was just a-pullin' himself together arter a refreshin' sleep, when my old 'ooman sings out from below. 'Now thin, yer cirkinnevegater, when are yer a-coming to have yer tea?

"Here's a gentleman as wants to see yer.' Well, when I goes down there was a person there as looked as if he'd *been* a gentleman; but that must have been some time ago, for all the evil faces I ever see his were the don.

"He looked werry seedy, as though he'd had a hard time on't and sort o' fierce and desprit like, as skeered my old 'ooman.

"'Well,' sez he, your name's Jasper, ain't it?' 'You've hit it fus go,' sez I, 'but I've another, guess it.' 'Oh, hang guessin',' sez he 'out with it.'

"Why, I'm Jasper in plain sailin'; but if yer comes it rough with me'—not likin' his manner, beggin' yer pardon, gentlemen," he explained—"'why, I'm A Rasper.'"

"'Now I don't want to fall out with you,' he sez, crossin' the room and takin' hold o' my arm, sort o' friendly-like; send yer missus out o' the room. I want to do a bit o' business with yer.'

"My missus went up stairs, and he, arter seein' the door were shut, comes and brings a chair close to the fire agen' mine, puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a bit o' paper.

"'See that?' sez he.

"'I does,' sez I.

"'Well,' sez he, 'that's a note for ten pounds.'

"'Oh,' sez I.

"He draws his chair closer to mine, looks round the room and listens, drops his woice wery low, and sez, 'I'll give yer that'—'Wery kind o' yer, I'm sure.'—'upon condition that you do a bit o' business for me.' 'Right yer are,' I sings out, 'I'm game.' 'Bravo, old man!' givin' me a backhander on the chest, 'I like yer.' 'Consider it 'sipreeated,' sez I, givin' him a dig in the ribs.

"'Well now,' sez the stranger, 'we understand each other, eh?'

"'We does.'

"'Your governor's place in Hatton Garden is pretty well lined, eh?' 'Pretty tolerable.' 'Right. Now, when you are there to-night could you accidently leave the door on the jar about two o'clock? I mark it with purfes'nal tools so as to save yer all risk, and me and my mates, three on us, ull ruffle yer about a bit; and yer story is, yer never heerd nothin' afore yer got a crack on the pate as flattened yer.'

"'Right,' sez I.

"'Done,' sez he, 'here's the note; and mark me, old man, if yer fail in yer work, I swear I'll make mutton of yer.' I puts the note in my pocket and my finger aside my nose and gives him a wink as made him comfortable. He gets up and sez, 'Two o'clock, mind, back cellar door.' 'I'm yer man,' sez I.'

"'Mum,' sez he.

"'Mum it is,' and in a moment he was gone."

"Jasper," said my uncle, "did you bring the note with you?"

"Certainly, sir," he replied, producing it from his pocket.

My uncle took it from his hand, opened his pocket-book, and compared the note with an entry.

Pushing the book and the note towards me he said, "Compare the numbers, Harry."

I did, and thereby had proof, as strong as moral evidence could give, of the villany of Jack Langton.

My uncle said, "I shall keep the note, Jasper."

"Course you will, sir.

"I don't consider it as my pruppety. 'Taint mine till I've earned it, and I'm blest if that time ain't a long way off."

"No, no, Jasper, the note is yours, but, for certain reasons, I should like to keep it. Here are ten sovereigns for it."

"Wery good on yer, sir, and I thanks yer kindly," putting the money in his pocket. "But if yer don't mind, gentleman, I'll just finish windin' up my windlass."

My uncle nodded assent, and the honest old servant resumed.

"Arter a few moments considerin' o' the difficult matter, I sez, I'll go round and see the inspector at the station, and ask him to have the place in Hatton Garden watched, as I have to take a message to the firm's flagship.

"For,' sez I, 'that scamp's a knowin' bird, p'raps he thinks he'll catch Jasper with chaff.

"P'raps he sez to himself, 'Jasper's honest and will go up to Hampstead to inform the firm, and while the old fool's gone I'll do the trick.'"

"Quite right, Jasper, very thoughtful of you," said my uncle.

"Thankee, sir.

"Well, the inspector, wery civil like, sez, 'Right, Mr. Jasper,' and sends two of his best men round—one to the back, and one to the front of the premises. And that's 'bout all I know, gentlemen."

"Jasper, I will not forget you," said my uncle.

"Lor love yer, sir, beggin' yer pardon, ye're always wery kind to the old sea-dog!"

What was to be done?

The clock struck eight.

Our plans were soon arranged.

My uncle determined not to place the matter in the hands of the police, from his consideration for Mrs. Langton, but that we should drive down to the City; that Jasper should then take the trap, and wait upon three of our most trustworthy servants, acquainting them with the nature of the business, and bring them to "the Garden" with them.

When the clock struck ten, we and our companions, whom Jasper had brought, were inside the cellars at Hatton Garden, and the dog-cart was a neighboring stable. We had lit two or three jets of gas, and all were lounging about in various positions, reading or conversing.

All the available arms, two revolvers, had been served out, thus leaving one of our party unarmed.

The orders were that when one o'clock struck the gas was to be extinguished, save the slightest possible spark; each of us was to take his appointed place, and Jasper was to open the door.

Immediately the robbers had fairly entered, the gas was to be turned up to its fullest capacity, we were to raise a shout, and each fire one chamber of his weapon in the air.

If the robbers turned, they were to be allowed to escape, except Langton—whom my uncle described to the men—who was to be captured with as little violence as possible.

If they had weapons and turned them upon us, we were to disable them without, so far as might be, inflicting any serious results.

Time flew.

The City clock struck one.

We were in darkness; each man was at his post. Jasper stood at his post.

Upon the pure morning of a new day the bells chimed the first quarter, the second, the third, the fourth, and clashed the hour two.

Silence profound, painful, intense.

Hark!

Jasper hears the faint tap, and the low hoarse command to open.

The door swings heavily on its hinges, and, by the faint light of the stars, we perceive a muffled figure in the doorway, with two other forms in the background.

"Ha!" said the first man with a sigh of satisfaction, as he stepped cautiously in, closely followed by his companions, "safe, my jolly boys. Now to business."

At that moment the solitary policeman—if such they were—upon his beat in the neighborhood must have imagined that Chaos had come again, or that the Deluge was upon him, as a fearful shout issued from six strong throats and five revolvers cracked.

The cellars blazed with light, and active forms sprang from every corner.

The robbers, with a cry of consternation, turned and fled.

One, however, stood his ground; and in one human face I never saw such strength of evil power as in Jack Langton's, when he turned upon us.

His whole frame quivered with the intensity of his malignity, as he grasped the barrel of his revolver and sprang towards my uncle, evidently intending to beat him down with the butt.

So quick were his movements that he was almost upon his victim before we could interpose, when he caught his foot in an inequality in the floor, and fell heavily upon his face.

A sharp report, and a cry of bitter agony, told their own tale.

We ran to him and turned him over. He fixed his eyes upon us, and his lips quivered with an effort to speak.

Too late!

The film of death glazed his eyes, his hands fell, one sigh of anguish, and his soul had flown beyond the reach of human justice.

In his fall the weapon in his hand had exploded, and the ball had passed through his heart.

There is a grave without a mark upon it, and a nameless man rest beneath. No tears fall on it, and no fresh flowers from loving hands lie there.

* * * * * *

Years have passed. I am married; my affairs are prosperous; I am at ease.

I am spending the day at my uncle's, and my eldest boy—five years old—is with me. I am talking to my uncle, and the boy is forgotten.

Suddenly he runs in and puts a small case, which he has taken from a desk in the room, into my hand.

My uncle sees it and exclaims, "Poor Jack! poor boy!"

That case contains a note. My trap is at the door, and I bid my uncle good night. My wife and boy are with me, and I drive them to a little cottage standing back from the road.

Before I knock the door is opened, and a cheery "God bless yer, sir," from an old gray-headed man, salutes me. He is past work now, but he wants for nothing.

"God bless you, Jasper."

Bessie.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

WE are a lonely couple—my old man and I. For nearly fifty years we have lived among the hills in our little cottage, a quiet, uneventful life.

Nearly three years ago the iron horse came steaming through our peaceful valley, bearing to us, as it rushed by, some little glimpses of the great, busy world from which it came.

This passing of the noon express came to be the one exciting event of our lives; and we never failed to watch it out of sight as it wound its way round the curves and among the hills that stretched away as far as the eye could see.

One lovely June evening I sat watching for Roger, who had gone over the hills to the station.

At last he came in sight, the tired pony jogging along at his own pace.

"A letter, Linda," he said, as he stopped at the gate.

I hurried to take it, for a letter was no common thing among us quiet country people.

It proved to be from a half-sister of Roger's, from whom he had heard nothing for years.

She was the child of his father by a second marriage, and had, since her own marriage always resided in the city.

Her letter requested permission to send her daughter Bessie to us for a visit; she wished to remove her from the attention of a young gentleman, who had of late become very devoted; and thinking the entire change of scene might drive the foolish fancy from Bessie's head, she had concluded to write to us to take her for a short time.

"Well, she must come, of course," said Roger, at last, breaking the silence into which we had fallen after the perusal of the letter.

"Of course," I assented, still feeling that I could not have my quiet home broken in upon by a stylish lady, who would ridicule our simple way of living, and be filled with innumerable wants and whims.

"But, after all," Roger went on, in his quiet way, that was always the same, no matter to whom he was speaking, "I think Harriet must have been in a sore strait to think of us; for she was always a little apt to hold her head higher than all the rest of us.

"But the girl must come, and we will do our best by her, and try to make her stay pleasant.

"You had better answer the letter to-night, Linda."

So the letter was written, and the invitation made as cordial as possible.

In about a week she came, Roger driving over to the station with the horse and cart to meet her and carry her luggage.

I stood in the door as they drove up, trying my best to look delighted and hospitable; but one look at that girlish face drove away all fears I entertained in regard to airs and graces.

I took her right into my arms—I could not help it.

I have wondered since how I ever came to do it; and the child—for child she was in looks—laid her head on my shoulder, and cried a few home-sick tears; then went into the house, where the tea was waiting, and although she scarcely took a mouthful, still, I think before the meal was over we had grown pretty well acquainted; and I, at least, had determined to do all in my power to bring back the sparkle to those lovely eyes, and the bloom of happiness to her cheeks.

She retired to rest early that night; I accompanied her in to the great, cool west room, which she was to occupy; and seating herself by the window she told me all about her life that was connected with her coming to us.

"I know very well why I was sent here," she said, "and at first a rebellious feeling took possession of me; but after I saw your dear motherly face, I was glad I came; and I mean to be contented if I cannot be happy."

"We mean you shall be happy, dear," said I, kissing her tenderly.

"You are tired now, and a good night's rest will do wonders for you.

"Good night now, and pleasant dreams."

"Good night, auntie, and thank you for your kindness."

I closed the door softly, and went down to where Roger sat in the deepening twilight.

"Why, Roger, she is nothing more than a child!

"I don't believe she is hardly over sixteen years old."

"Yes, she is, Linda; she told me she was nearly nineteen as we came from the station."

"Roger!" I said, after a pause.

"Well, dear?"

"I think she looks as our Daisy would have looked at her age, if she had lived."

"I don't know, Linda—perhaps," said Roger, with a deep sigh.

For old man and woman that we were, the memory of our three year old darling, buried so many years ago, was still a very tender spot in our hearts; and, strange as it may seem, we rarely spoke of her; for it seemed so hard to part with our only one, and a gloom would settle over us whenever her name was mentioned.

So the days came and went; and the pure mountain air seemed to breathe health and rosiness into Bessie's cheeks and wide-open eyes.

I called her child, for child she seemed to me; and Roger took her at once into his great, loving heart.

Ah, there was no one so good and kind as Roger in all the world to me.

Many were the rambles that Bessie took among the surrounding hill-sides; for in that season of the year the hills were crowned with flowers, and all nature seemed at its best.

Night after night she would come home, her basket laden with the rare blossoms, or some curious leaves, or stones which she had picked up where the railroad had cut its way.

One spot in particular was her favorite resort.

Just at the left of the house stood a high hill, and the railroad curved directly around the base; nothing could be seen beyond the curve from either direction.

Above the track, on the side of the hill next our house, was a huge tree that had stood there for years.

There Roger had constructed for Bessie a rude seat beneath the spreading branches, where she would take her book and sit for hours at a time, unseen by all, yet having a fair view of everything for miles around.

A brook gurgled below, beneath a bridge over which the line was lain.

Although but an insignificant stream, the banks on both sides were high and steep, and a single misstep would lead to destruction.

Bessie sat one day in her favorite retreat under the old tree.

I had rung the bell for dinner, for Roger was at work in a distant field.

Bessie began collecting her books, preparing to go to the house, when she heard the whistle of the noon express.

She thought, "I will wait until the train goes by, just to see the people; perhaps I may see some one I know; at any rate, they cannot possibly see me."

So, turning eye toward the bridge, she nestled back against the trunk of the tree, when what was her surprise and horror to see the rails which spanned the bridge entirely gone, and nothing but certain death awaiting the inmates of the coming train.

Roger had spoken that morning of several rough-looking fellows who had been seen hanging around the station, and who seemed to be inspecting the line in both directions, and undoubtedly to select a place where they might, from motives of revenge, remove a portion of the rails and wreck the train.

This last was conjectured by us after all was over, although no particular notice was taken of them at the time.

To think was to act with Bessie; and she knew if the lives of the people were saved, it must be through her instrumentality.

Hastily untying the broad sash of red ribbon which encircled her waist, she tied it to one end of her parasol, and rushing down to the line—right in the teeth of the monster that was tearing down upon her—she waved frantically the signal of danger.

Flying down the line, calling at the top of her voice for them to stop.

Oh, if they would but stop before the bend was reached!

Was it possible that the mighty wheels slackened a little in their fearful speed?

Yes, the shriek of the whistle told her she was seen and understood.

Slower, slower went the wheels, until at last, just as the curve was reached, the long train stopped, and the people looked out to ascertain the cause of the delay.

But where was the brave girl who had risked her own life to save the lives of strangers?

Down on the ground, almost under the very wheels, poor Bessie lay, her courage having suddenly forsaken her when she saw the danger was over.

Many hands were extended to raise her; consciousness was finally restored, and the story told from her trembling lips as she pointed in the direction of the curve.

One of the passengers, who had gone to view the rails, now came up, and turning to to the guard, said—

"This has been done by human hands."

The speaker was a tall, erect, finely-built young man, probably about twenty-five years of age; dark brown hair, a skin darkened by exposure to the sun, and a pair of brave, serious, blue eyes.

As he spoke, Bessie raised her head from the lap of the lady where she had been lying, and a single word escaped her lips.

"Walter!"

Low and tremulous as the words were spoken, the young man turned instantly, and for the first time noticed Bessie.

"This is the young lady who so bravely—" began the guard; but, before he could finish his sentence, Walter had taken one stride to where Bessie lay, and raising her in his arms, clasped her to his heart.

"Bessie, my darling!

"Thank Heaven, I have found you at last!"

The surprise of the people present may well be imagined.

"How came you here, Bessie, and just at this time?"

"Oh, Walter, how glad I am that I saved your life, and the lives of all these friends!" she said, looking around upon them with her eyes full of happy tears.

"My uncle lives yonder in that little white cottage—ah! there he comes now."

The stopping of the train had aroused the interest of several neighboring families, and the hospitable offers of dinners and conveyances to carry the passengers to the station were liberally poured forth.

"Uncle Roger," said Bessie, as we walked slowly homeward, "this is my best and dearest friend, Walter King.

"I know you'll honor and respect him for his own sake, as well as mine, when you come to know him."

"I should be willing to trust to your judgment in anything," said Roger, "and any friend of yours shall be mine also if he will."

"With all my heart, my dear sir," said Walter, in his frank, pleasant way, extending his hand, which was most cordially taken.

"Bessie," said Walter, as they sat alone in the little sitting-room after dinner, "I was on my way to a distant town, to engage in business in a large machine shop there.

"I had an excellent offer, and after you left home I cared but little where I went.

"I tried all manner of means to procure your address, but in vain.

"I called at your house one day, and your mother literally turned me out of doors.

"So many people prefer money to industry, and sneer at the brown hands of the working man," said he, bitterly.

"But, Walter, so long as I am true to you, why need we mind what anyone says or thinks?

"You know I am ready and willing to go with you anywhere."

"Yes, I do know it my darling!"

Well, to make a long story short, through the kindness of the rough, though generous-hearted farmers, the passengers were all conveyed to the next station that night, where a branch road would carry them to their journey's end.

Walter, however, remained with us.

Many letters which he showed us proved without a doubt that he was a mechanic of the first class; and his clear blue eyes and brown, toil-hardened hands gave proof of an honest soul within, and steady and industrious habits.

Indeed his only crime was that of poverty—and that was a terrible one in the eyes of Bessie's mother.

Wealth and position was her ideal—the gods to whom she bowed; and she scrupled not to break the heart of one so good and sweet as her own Bessie.

One quiet, dreamy morning about a month after the events just related, there was a wedding in the pretty church near our cottage among the hills.

A little girl with a very resolute face, and eyes full of a happy, loving light, and a man, thoughtful beyond his years, kind, brave tender, hearted, were made man and wife.

A letter was despatched the same day, informing Bessie's parents of her marriage.

Walter went directly to the distant town, which he had intended to visit, to prepare a home for his bride, leaving her with us, safely sheltered in the embrace of the kindly hills.

Of course Bessie's mother was terribly angry at first.

But such anger cannot last, and reconciliation soon followed; especially when Walter was found to be a money-making man, and sure to make his mark in the world.

Every summer Bessie and Walter come to us, for no one is quite like "Aunt Linda" and "Uncle Roger" to Bessie, who will always seem to us the brown-eyed child who made our life so bright for a few short months, although her own seemed so very dark.

And Roger and I have never regretted our part in the work of making two young hearts happy.

◆

AN epidemic of vandalism is said to be playing the mischief in and about the National Capitol this winter. The colossal statue of Washington is reported to be minus a big toe; Roger Williams has lost a little finger; and the Indian woman in the Columbus group all five fingers of her right hand.

A Direful Discovery.

BY HENRY FRITH.

WHAT a nice man he is! And so genteel in his manners!

"A little old, though."

"Tut!" snapped Mrs. Harriman; "he's a long way this side of forty."

"Which side is that, I wonder," whispered Fannie Chapman, with a side glance at Mrs. Harriman's crow's feet; but luckily both the glance and the whisper passed unnoticed.

It was Captain Fencible, Mrs. Harriman's new lodger, whose "points" the ladies were discussing with their luncheon in the absence of the masculine.

Two things they quite settled: in the first place, he was a bachelor; in the second, he was rich.

The Captain, as he soon came to be called, speedily found favor in the landlady's sight, in fact, Mrs. Harriman's attentions led to more than one gossiping remark that she would be nothing loth to admit the Captain to the place left vacant in her heart by the late Simon Harriman, who had died resignedly five years before.

She took the Captain into her confidence, consulted him in her affairs, and Captain Fencible was a man of much reserve.

More than one of the lady boarders had sought to draw him out; but their best-laid schemes had come to nothing, and, at the end of a month, not a whit was added to the stock of information anent the Captain—unless, indeed, Fannie Chapman had gathered a few facts which she kept to herself.

Fannie was an orphan, thrown on her own resources, who was earning a living by teaching in the public school, and a prettier, brighter or wittier girl than Fannie it would have been hard to find.

The Captain "took to" her from the first; and, though she sometimes addressed him with a pertness which elicited admonitory frowns from Mrs. Harriman, the two became great friends.

To make a long story short, the Captain and Fannie went out one day and came back married.

Mrs. Harriman was greatly scandalized, and was not slow to give vent to her feelings behind the happy pair's backs.

"The minx! he might be her grandfather!" she exclaimed, forgetting her formerly expressed opinion of the Captain's age.

But unobtainable grapes are always sour.

The day after Fannie and the Captain started on their wedding tour Mrs. Harriman made a discovery that solved the mystery of the Captain's past.

Could it be that she, a respectable widow, dependent on her good name, had harbored in her house so base a criminal?

While putting the Captain's room to rights, a portable writing-desk, which she had found always locked before, had been carelessly left with the key in the lock.

The widow was not the woman to throw away such a chance.

She turned the key and opened the desk.

Almost the first object revealed was a small, neat packet tied with a white ribbon.

Mrs. Harriman quickly took it in her hand.

An amazed and startled look flashed over her face, and her eyes glittered as they fell upon the words—

"My wife's letters."

The writing was in the Captain's hand, with which she had had opportunities to get acquainted.

Quickly undoing the packet, several letters were found whose contents the widow eagerly devoured.

They were without date, and were evidently from a wife to her absent husband, whose return was anxiously looked for.

"Villain!" exclaimed the widow, "have I found you out at last?

"While one wife is pining and fretting at your absence, you are off honeymooning with another!

"Ugh! you wretch!"

And again Mrs. Harriman shuddered at the narrowness of her own escape.

Mrs. Harriman thrust the letters into her pocket.

Her first impulse was to proclaim her discovery at once.

But second thoughts suggested a wiser plan.

"If the secret gets out," she said, "they'll not come back.

"No; I'll keep it to myself until their return, if I have to bite my tongue completely off!"

And it was nearly at that cost that she kept her promise.

When the Captain and his bride returned, they went to other quarters, intending to remove their things from the widow's when they got finally settled, and it was not until after several days that the latter learned their whereabouts.

She called on Fannie without delay.

The hour of triumph had come at last!

How she would humble her haughty rival!

Thankfulness for her own deliverance was for the time forgotten in hatred of the woman on whom had fallen the calamity so providentially averted from herself.

"Fannie, dear!" she began.

There is nothing more ominous of mischief than the word dear uttered with a certain intonation by female lips.

I have little doubt but Xantippe prefaced many a blowing-up of her patient spouse with "Sockey, dear."

"Fannie, dear," said Mrs. Harriman, "prepare for bad news."

Fannie's smiling face turned grave and pale.

"What is it?" she inquired, her voice a trifle tremulous.

"You are not Captain Fencible's wife!" croaked the widow, hoarsely.

"Whose wife am I, then?" asked Fannie, innocently.

"It is no time for levity!" exclaimed the widow, in that awful tone at which the late Simon Harriman had so often trembled.

"Read these letters, and learn that the man you have married was before married to another."

"I know it.

"The poor lady died seven or eight years ago?

"Ah! these are her letters, I see.

"Where did you get them, Mrs. Harriman?"

That lady did not stay to answer, nor did she ever tell again of her "direful discovery."

Fannie did, though.

◆

CHINESE VS. AMERICANS.—We shake hands as a salutation.

A Chinaman shakes with himself.

He stands at a distance, and clasping his hands, shakes them up and down at you.

We uncover the head as a mark of respect.

They keep their heads covered, but take off their shoes for politeness.

We shave the face. They shave the head and eyebrows.

We cut our finger nails close.

They consider it aristocratic to have the nails from three to five inches long, and which they are obliged to protect in silver cases.

The Chinaman's waistcoat is outside his coat, and he wears his drawers over his trousers.

We blacken our shoes. They whiten them.

We have soup as a first course at dinner and dessert at last.

They have dessert at first and soup to wind up on.

We want our wine ice cold.

The Chinese drink theirs scalding hot.

With us black clothes is a badge of mourning.

With them, white garments indicate the loss of friends.

In that land of opposites it is the man who flies kites, walks on stilts and plays shuttlecocks, and to keep up their cussedness they play the latter with their feet instead of their hands.

In China women do men's work, and men are the milliners, dressmakers and washerwomen.

With us the right hand is the place of honor.

With them it is the left hand.

In dating letters we place the year last.

They write the year first.

They always speak of the mariner's compass (their own invention) as pointing to the south.

We pay our physician when we are sick.

They pay while they are well, and as soon as they get sick pay stops.

Here men kill their enemies, but the Chinaman gets even by killing himself.

We use a soft pillow. They a block of wood.

They launch ships sidewise, ring bells from the outside, and actually turn their screws in the opposite direction from ours.

◆

THREE MEAT SWALLOWERS.—Somewhat over a century ago, a Polish soldier, presented to the court of Saxony, as a marvel of voracity, one day ate twenty pounds of beef and half of a roasted calf. About the same time a youth of seventeen, ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes. An achievement of about equal gluttony was that of a brewer's man, who, at an inn in London, demolished a roast goose of six pounds weight, a quartern loaf and three quarts of porter in one hour and eighteen minutes.

◆

Established Confidence.

The steadily increasing number of those who are using Compound Oxygen: the favorable reports which are being received daily, reaching to hundreds every month; the cures that are being made in desperate cases, which often seem little less than miracles, and the number of voluntary testimonials from persons of high character and intelligence which are constantly received, all demonstrate the fact that the Compound Oxygen Treatment is what is claimed for it, viz.: A new and higher development of curative force, based on strictly scientific and pathological principles. It is becoming clearer to the public every day, that its administrations are not holding out fallacious hopes to the sick and suffering, but offering an almost certain means of relief in any form of disease which may be arrested or cured through the establishment of a new life in the vital system. Send to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for their "Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Action, and Results," and learn all about this new and extraordinary remedy. The Treatise will be sent free.

Of Other Days.

BY A. M. E.

KENNETH WARDE and Katie Dean were boy-and-girl sweethearts, but the death of Kenneth's parents, and his adoption by a wealthy uncle who took him away to live near London, separated the juvenile lovers, leaving them both for the time, inconsolable.

Katie whispered her grief in her dollie's ear as they lay with their heads on the little pillow, and cried herself asleep several nights in succession, and it was a good long while before she could bring herself to think otherwise than unkindly of Kenneth's cruel uncle.

At first Kenneth's mind was filled with desperate schemes of carrying off Katie to some undiscovered island, where, without molestation, they might play at Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and live a pair of happy hermits to the end of the chapter.

But time soon effaces the sorrows of the young.

Kenneth was put in a boys' school, where ambition to excel, and to head the class in every bout at football, gave ample occupation to his thoughts, and left little time for brooding over bygone ills.

The Crusoe plan was either quite forgotten, or its carrying out deferred till some indefinite period in the future.

And Katie, too, before a month had went by, could play, and romp, and shake her yellow curls as gleefully as in the days when Kenneth used to guard her pathway home against surly dogs and butting billy-goats.

Years went by, and Kenneth Warde, after a brilliant career at college and a few years of travel, returned to fill his uncle's heart with pride.

He must have quite forgotten the little Katie of his boyhood; for not only did he fail to go and seek her that they might set about their search for the enchanted island, or some retreat especially romantic, but he actually courted Miss Grace Dandridge, a dashing belle, whose father and Kenneth's uncle had long been laying their canny heads together to bring about that precise result.

Miss Grace had been the idol of Frank Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to whose suit, it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not unwilling ear. But whether it was through filial obedience or because she was prudent enough to discern the superior advantage of a match with a man of Kenneth Warde's dazzling prospects, Miss Grace reluctantly dismissed her cousin and accepted the new suitor with a promptness which poor Frank thought "somewhat sudden."

When everything had been arranged between Warde and Grace Dandridge, even to the naming of the wedding-day, Kenneth, who was not so foolishly in love but he could exist a brief season out of his *fiancee's* presence, bethought him of going to spend a few weeks in his native village, which he had not seen since the day he had been carried off a fit of heroic sulks over his separation from Katie Dean. Of course he laughed at that foolishness now.

I suppose it was an accident—at any rate it so happened—that Kenneth's first visit in the old place was to the Deans'. He didn't know Katie at first—could hardly realize, indeed, that the yellow-headed little tomboy, whose quarrels he was always taking up, and with whom he used to quarrel now and then himself, could have grown into so bewitchingly beautiful a woman.

Katie seemed a little hurt that Kenneth should have so totally forgotten her. She would have known him, she said, had they met on a deserted island.

He hadn't changed a bit—only to grow ever so much handsomer, she was on the point of adding, but checked herself with a blush.

The mention of the deserted island carried Kenneth's thoughts back strangely. Had Katie, too, indulged in childish dreams like his own?

The time passed swiftly; and Kenneth's visit was prolonged till prudence whispered it was time to think of returning, if he would not be a laggard at his own wedding.

If the truth must be told, it would hardly have broken his heart if something had happened to keep him away altogether, for he and Katie were spending the days very happily.

But Kenneth was a man of honor, and he struggled manfully to keep his loyalty. He had promised to marry Grace Dandridge and must keep his word; and Katie Dean respected him too highly to wish him to play a traitor's part.

It was the day before Kenneth's departure, and he and Katie were taking their last walk in a neighboring wood, the scene of many a former ramble.

Both were unusually silent.

It was likely to be their final meeting, and it was strange they could find so little to say.

At length Kenneth stopped suddenly. Katie looked up, and saw that his face was deathly pale, while his frame trembled violently.

[illegible] her hand with a quick, nervous movement, he exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion, "It is a sin to marry without love! I thought, when I asked Grace Dandridge to be my wife, that I loved her—at least, that I loved no other.

"But now that I have seen you again, [illegible] that I learned to look upon as [illegible] has [illegible] back with [illegible] fervor [illegible].

"Oh, Katie, it is you I have loved you only! [illegible] you [illegible]" It is not yet too late!"

For an instant her eyes sparkled with an inexpressible joy.

A roseate radiance lit up her features. But the next moment the joyous light faded, the heightened color was subdued; and the look she turned on Kenneth was almost stern.

"You have solemnly engaged your word," she said, calmly and firmly, "and I should despise you if you broke it."

Kenneth Warde let drop the hand which a moment before had laid trembling in his clasp, but which now was firm and steady.

He had received his answer, and that it was irrevocable.

"You are right," he murmured, [illegible] "[illegible]," thought he [illegible].

Not a word was spoken again till they parted at Katie's mother's door with the single word—

"Farewell!"

Kenneth found his uncle in a fine passion on his return the evening before the day set for the wedding.

"Bear it like a man, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, thrusting a letter into Kenneth's hand.

"I suppose this will explain all, and relieve me from the hateful task."

"Bravo, Kenneth!" cried his uncle, as the young man broke in a hearty laugh; "I'm glad to see you treat it so! The loss is hers, not yours."

Grace had written to say she was married to Frank Ransen.

It was the day after the wedding that was to have been, that Kenneth Warde, dusty and travel-stained, presented himself before Mrs. Dean, and asked for Katie.

"She has gone for a walk in the wood," was the answer.

"She hasn't been quite well for a day or two past."

He waited to hear no more.

He hurried along the old familiar path; and there, where he had spoken the rash, impassioned words which Katie had answered so nobly, he found her seated, leaning her head pensively on her hand, the picture of despondent sorrow.

He was quite close before she looked up; and when she did so he was startled to see how wan and haggard were her features.

"Wish me joy, Katie!" he said.

"I do wish you joy, Kenneth—Mr. Warde," she answered, listlessly, "but I hardly expected to see you here. And where is your wife?"

"Wife?—the best of it is, I have no wife!"

Katie started to her feet, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Kenneth caught her in his arm.

Then he told her all; and never did mortal man before relate with so much gusto the story of his own jilting; and when he kissed Katie at the end, why—she let him.

◆

What We Waste.—We are a wasteful people.

If anyone needs confirmation of this, let him station himself at the rear of some of our hotels, or even dwelling-houses, and it will be seen that great quantities of what was good food goes to feed the pigs. We have known families where this waste was enormous.

The French are noted for making a little go a great way; and yet they are noted as well for presenting to their guests toothsome dishes.

They, above all other, seem to have the faculty of making the most of everything. It is surprising what a good housekeeper may do, if she will, in this direction. For example, meat bones should never be thrown away, but cracked and made into soup.

Cold vegetables left over from the previous day's dinner can be fried or otherwise warmed up for the next morning's breakfast.

Boiled [illegible] that would hardly be presentable in any other form might be minced and mixed with raw eggs, and warmed up and served on toast.

Remnants of meat of any kind should be saved, minced, and served hot for breakfast.

It is needless to multiply illustrations, for when one is disposed there are many ways that will constantly come to mind to save. It is wrong to waste even if we can afford to do so.

Not only should every housekeeper seek to prevent waste and loss of food, but it should be the aim to prepare the same for the table in the most attractive and palatable form consistent with economy.

M. S.

◆

Vulgar Habits.—Asking questions private and personal is a vulgar habit, and telling your own business, which no one wants to hear is another. Asking the cost of a present that has been made to you, loud talking in public, hard staring at table, insolent disrespect to husband, wife, sister or brother, showing temper in trifles, and making scenes in public, showing an embarrassing amount of tenderness, and making love in [illegible] sneers, which people can see [illegible], if they do not always understand [illegible] all these are signs [illegible] vulgarity of a far worse [illegible] eats fish with a steel knife, and says "You was," and "[illegible] were."

◆

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are known to [illegible] and [illegible] the public. They are [illegible] in their effects, and keep the system in good condition.

Mary's Choice.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

IT was when the Science Congress met in a certain large town that Mary Gray's fate was sealed.

She was a pretty, dark-faced girl, with large brown eyes, soft hair, curling in loose ringlets over her neck, and the sweetest of pouting mouths.

She was graceful, because among the woods and glens of her early home she had never learned to be anything else; she was original because, secluded for years from the influences of society, she had learned to form her own ideas.

Her father, a solemn and silent scientist, passed all his time among musty volumes and papers scribbled over with learned hieroglyphics.

Her mother, over-burdened with the petty economies and pinching cares of life, found but little time to devote to her daughter, and thus it came to pass that Mary was like a wild flower which has grown up tall, slender, and beautiful, all by itself.

Not but that she had thought out her solitary thoughts in this hermit-like seclusion. She had pictured to herself a *beau-ideal* of a lover; even—although this was a profound secret in the depths of her own heart—ventured to answer a matrimonial advertisement.

And—that was the best of it—it had been answered, and pretty Mary Gray was quite sure that she was in love with the original of the handsome photograph which had been sent to her by post.

"If mamma were to find it out!" said Mary to herself, with a shudder.

And when the Science Congress met, and Mary was allowed to attend one of their sessions in the old Masonic Hall, it was like a glimpse of a hitherto unrevealed existence.

And on the third day of the convention Mrs. Gray came to her daughter, where Mary was painting wild flowers on a little satin screen.

"Mary," she said, "how old are you?"

The girl looked astonished.

"Eighteen, mamma," she answered.

Mrs. Gray put her hand tenderly on the glossy brown curls.

"Did you ever think of being married—child?" she said.

"Married, mamma?"

"Yes, married, my child.

"It is a woman's destiny, you know," said Mrs. Gray, blushing almost as deeply as Mary herself.

"And I think, dearest, I should be quite happy if once I could see you well settled in life."

"But, mamma," reasoned Mary, in her bewilderment, "there is no one for me to marry."

"Yes, there is, my dear.

"Mr. Julian Severance has seen you at the Congress, and has taken a fancy to you. He is the son of one of papa's oldest friends, and—and papa owes him a great deal more money than he can ever pay.

"And," she went on, speaking hurriedly, "if you are married to him, of course all these obligations will be cancelled and you will obtain an excellent husband."

Mary's heart fluttered like a little wild bird in a snare.

"Mamma," she said, breathlessly, "is he young?"

"He is not old, my child."

"Is he—nice?"

"Very nice, Mary.

"He is to come and see you to-morrow, and——"

But here Mary burst into tears.

"Tell him not to come, mamma," she sobbed.

"Tell him I never, never can marry him! Tell him I hate the idea of marriage at all!"

Mrs. Gray soothed the panting, terrified girl with all a mother's tender wiles.

"Wait, darling," she whispered.

"Do not decide until you have seen him for yourself.

"Let time settle the question. Think of your father, Mary, and of me."

But Mary only ran off into the back garden, which abutted on a quiet lane bordered by trees, there to cry and tremble at her leisure.

But solitary as the lane generally had been, its privacy was invaded to-day, for who should be seen approaching but the hero of the precious photograph!

"Mary!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Mr. Vane!" was her wild, joyous cry.

So they met for the first time, except on paper, and she told him all her trials.

"I never will marry him," she declared, resolutely.

"Never!"

"But he is rich, Mary, and I am poor."

"What difference does it make," she asserted, bravely, "so long as I love you?"

The hero's dark eyes softened.

"Mary," he said, "you are a little jewel among women.

"And I will try as far as lies in my power to be worthy of you."

"But," cried Mary, "what shall I do when he comes to-morrow?"

"I'll come too," promptly declared the hero.

"And you're sure—quite sure—you won't let him marry me?" pleaded Mary.

"I'll marry you myself first," said Vane. And he looked as if he meant it.

* * * * * *

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" Mary sobbed, next morning, when informed that Mr. Severance was awaiting an interview, "not even for you can I prove false to myself!"

"Stay! I will go and tell him so myself, if he is thus determined."

Mr. Gray, with his absent face, and the long silver hair which hung so picturesquely over his collar, stood behind the piles of manuscript on his table as his daughter entered.

A scholar and a dreamer, it was difficult for him to abstract his mind from the dearest avocations of his life even for a matter of such vital importance as this.

And close at his side stood a tall, handsome man, with folded arms.

"Mr. Vane!" cried Mary, starting back, while her cheek glowed scarlet.

"Daughter," said Mr. Gray, solemnly, "this is Mr. Severance, who aspires to the honor of your hand.

"And if you can bring yourself to like him, we shall be able to arrange certain pecuniary circumstances in a most satisfactory manner."

"I—I don't understand this!" said Mary, clasping both hands on her wildly beating little heart.

"Don't you, darling?" said Mr. Julian Vane Severance.

"Then I must try and elucidate matters for you!

"I must tell you that my middle name only is Vane—that I fell in love with your sweet photograph long before I saw your far lovelier face—that the name 'Mario Roseau,' under which you wrote to me, was but a slight veil for your own name."

And Mary, half-laughing, half-crying, allowed herself to be drawn tenderly to Mr. Severance's breast.

"Am I dreaming?" she said, "or is life really as sweet and beautiful as this?"

So the childish romance had blossomed into the perfect fulness of a complete happiness!

◆

Hearing a Ghost.—My husband, forty years ago, was a hunter in West. He made a home for himself and family in an old farm-house twenty miles from any living neighbor, and I was naturally left alone with my baby a great portion of the time. One night, just about time for candle-lighting—this was before the days of naphtha, and we used wild animals' fat for burning purposes—as I sat rocking my infant, and my little boy was dozing towards sleep, I heard a fearful groan, which sounded in the next room.

The rooms were large and empty as we had very little furniture, excepting in the middle room, from which the sound appeared to come.

Well, I reasoned with myself thus: If this house is haunted by disembodied spirits I am in their unreserved power. Although I confess to a sickening feeling about the heart, yet I well know I could not expect any help from human beings, and would be just as safe in one room as another; and so I opened the middle room door.

Immediately a cold breeze struck my face and at the same time another horrid groan—it sounded fearfully like a person in great agony—appalled me. I dragged myself into still another apartment, thinking that it would be better to find out the worst as I should have to stay in the house alone over-night, and even a number of nights, before my husband would return from the woods.

I found nothing unusual below-stairs, although the groan was repeated at intervals. At last it seemed to come from an upper chamber, and I desperately started up-stairs.

On reaching the top, another frightful groan greeted my ears, and nearly took me off my feet, which sounded nearer and louder than any previous ones, and this time it appeared to come out of the window near my left as I reached the floor. I again hesitated, but after a little I opened the window, and then came another groan directly over my head, and I ascertained it came from the rusty weather-cock. I had found my ghost.

◆

A Mouse and a Diamond.—Several months ago a lady of Boston, Mass., took off a number of rings from her fingers and laid them upon her dressing-table.

After washing her hands she returned to the room to replace her rings, when to her astonishment, one of them, a diamond ring, was missing.

She was certain that she took the ring from her finger, and equally certain that no one could have entered the room without her knowledge during the five minutes she had been in the bathroom.

A most rigid search was instituted, but the missing ring, valued at two hundred dollars, was not found.

A few weeks since the lady was much annoyed by mice. Almost nightly they held their revels.

Some were caught, and the servant girl was instructed to drown the captives and reset the trap, and she was about to throw the dead mice into the dirt barrel when her eye was attracted by a sparkle from what proved to be the lost diamond ring, which was not perceptible when the mouse was alive, but which came to light after the severe soaking which the mouse received. It is supposed that in his haste to get away he ran his head through the ring, and subsequent struggles [illegible] forced it over his forelegs, where it remained.

◆

The orange business is in danger of being overdone. Trees are being planted all along the Missions [illegible].

◆

If You Are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

Our Young Folks.

PHILIP'S FAULT.

BY PIPKIN.

SUCH a merry Christmas surely no one ever had as the children up at Rookwood.

They were quite a party in themselves—five golden-haired little girls, and Philip, the only boy, a fine, brave, bonny lad of ten, who gave himself a great many airs, especially over Susie and Agnes, the twin, and baby Madge—Katie and Mamie were better able to hold their own.

Christmas was always a marvelous time at Rookwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Deane were never tired of planning surprises.

Besides, Uncle John always came down from town at Christmas time, and that fact was in itself enough to drive the children fairly wild with delight.

It was Christmas Eve when he came, and they were all gathered round him—some on his knee, some on the arm of his chair, and the twin carefully examining his pockets.

Outside, the snow was coming down in soft, feathery flakes that froze almost as fast as they fell.

The ground was hard and wrinkled, and a keen north wind swept through the tall pines where the rooks lived, making melancholy music.

But indoors everything was bright and cheery.

A glorious wood fire blazed on the wide hearth and shone merrily on the wreaths of glossy ivy and crimson-berried holly; while the shadows ran up and down the drawn curtains, leaped and danced on the polished wainscot, and from that to the bright frames of the pictures, and rested last of all on the fair heads and eager faces of the children as they clustered round Uncle John, and begged for just one half-hour longer to sit up.

"I am afraid it will not do," he said, gravely.

"It's all very well to sit up and eat plum cake and mince pies, and be kissed under the mistletoe.

"But you young people seem to forget that a certain Mr. Santa Claus is expected to visit Rookwood to-night, and he positively objects to enter the house till all the little folks are asleep."

"Does Santa Claus really come, Uncle John?" Phil asked.

"Why, of course."

"Don't you remember all the beautiful things he brought us last year?" Katie cried.

"Come along, Mamie, and let us put up our stocking first.

"Why he never forgot to come yet, Uncle John, did he?

"Now, do tell me truly."

"Not to Rookwood, I think, Kitsie; and I feel sure he will pay you a visit to-night if you shut your eyes and go to sleep, so now good night all.

"One, two, three, and away."

"Jane, wherever shall we hang our stockings?" Katie cried, when they got to the nursery.

"Uncle John says Santa Claus is surely coming and if we hang them on our cots, he can't see them, you know."

"I'll put them where he can't help finding them," Jane said.

And then she got a piece of very strong cord and put a line right across the nursery.

"There, Miss Katie, isn't that a good place?

"Now give me the stockings, and let me fasten them on."

Presently there were twelve pretty woolen stockings, long and short, dangling from the line, for Philip had come from his own little room with his.

Though he pretended to believe Santa Claus was not coming, he did not like to miss the chance, and he feared, if he left his socks in his own room, they might be forgotten.

So he got Jane to hang them up with the rest, and tried very hard to look as if he did not care whether he found anything there in the morning or not.

Baby Madge and the twin were soon sound asleep in their little white cots.

They had not a single doubt but that there would be plenty of good things forthcoming in the morning.

But Katie and Mamie lay awake for what seemed a long, long time talking in whispers and eagerly watching the door, but no visitor came.

Presently the fire burned down and the room became dark.

They could just see the long row of stockings hanging on the line, and the green wreaths of holly and ivy [illegible] that had decorated the walls, [illegible] the nursery looked almost like a [illegible].

In spite of all her efforts Katie's eyes closed, and Mamie nestled down contentedly, and soon they were both fast asleep.

* * * * * *

"Philip! Philip! come here quickly! Mr. Santa Claus has been, and he's filled our stockings as full as ever they can be," Mamie exclaimed, early the next morning.

She was the first to open her eyes, but they were all soon wide awake and dancing round the room except the twins, who were the last to [illegible] their eyes.

"Do make haste, please, Phil," Mamie continued. "[illegible] just [illegible] lovely."

"I wonder how Santa Claus got in?" said Katie.

"I watched for him last night for over so long.

"Oh, how good he's been!

"Just look, Mamie; both my stocking are full to the very top.

"Mine, too," Mamie replied, her mouth full of chocolate creams.

"How could he carry such a lot of beautiful things?"

"I tell you what, Kitsie, he must be very clever, for he has brought me the very thing I wanted most.

"Look, sis, what a lovely pair of skates!

"They're the nicest present of all."

Kate thought they made but a poor show beside her lovely "lady's companion" and box of paints; but she was very glad Philip was pleased, and had got just what he wanted.

The twin and baby Madge were lost in wonder and amazement.

There were toys enough to last for a whole long year—dolls, Noah's arks, railway trains, woolly lambs, jumping monkeys—everything, in fact, that they could possibly imagine or wish for; and there was a great deal of talking and very little breakfast eaten that Christmas morning in the nursery at Rookwood.

"Do you think it's freezing, Uncle John?" Philip said, soon after breakfast.

"I do so want to try my new skates."

"Yes, it is freezing hard, Phil; but you must not attempt to go on the ice to-day.

"To-morrow afternoon, if it's fine, I'll take you on the mere.

"But you must not venture without me; promise me that, Phil."

Phil promised readily, and he really meant to keep his word.

But when his papa, mamma, and Uncle John started for church, he began to feel rather lonely.

Katie was in the nursery amusing the babies, while Jane helped the cook; there was no one to talk to, and he did not quite know what to do with himself.

Uncle John had promised to take them all to a children's service in the afternoon; but it seemed a long, long time till three o'clock.

Presently, he took up his new skates and tried them on.

Then he thought he would just like to show them to Harry Lawson.

There could be no harm in that; so he put on his hat, and started off for the village, hurrying past the church as if he were afraid Uncle John would hear him.

At the entrance to the village there was a pond, and Philip found Harry Lawson sliding on it, and Jack Hill, a school companion, trying to skate with a very bad, old pair of skates that belonged to his father.

Of course, Phil was very proud of his skates, and Harry persuaded him to try them on, just to see how they looked.

"Come along and have a turn, Phil," he said.

"The ice is splendid here."

Phil hesitated.

He had promised his uncle not to go on the mere, and he would not, but the pond was quite different.

It seemed perfectly safe, and Jack and Harry were enjoying themselves very, very much.

So after a few moments hesitation he went on, and was soon enjoying it too, and having famous fun.

His uncle had taught him how to skate, so he had plenty of courage, and he did not mind a fall or two, and soon Jack was completely beaten, and left behind.

An hour or two passed quite unconsciously, and Phil forgot all about his promise—forgot everything except the enjoyment of the moment, he was so proud both of his skates and of his skill, and he started off, leaving Harry Lawson and Jack Hill far behind.

"I say, Phil, stop—don't go that way!" Harry cried, as Philip made for a part of the pond where they had not been.

But he took no notice; now on one foot, now on the other, he went gaily skimming along, till he suddenly came to a part marked "dangerous."

He tried to stop himself and turn back, but he was going at too great a speed.

With a sudden crash the ice gave way, the earth seemed to fly up as his head struck something, and in a few moments he was up to his neck in the water, screaming wildly for aid.

"Don't be frightened—I'm coming; it's not very deep there.

"Hold on to the edge," Harry cried, as he made his way to the spot, followed by Jack Hill.

But the ice was crackling and breaking away, and the fright and sudden chill combined made Philip's fingers weak and numb.

It was with the utmost difficulty that he kept up till Harry reached him, and then it was a hard struggle to get him out of the water.

But they managed it at last, and Jack and Harry carried him safely to the bank and laid him down, when, to their dismay, he fainted.

It was quite half an hour before he recovered consciousness, and then he was thoroughly chilled from lying in his wet clothes, and exhausted from fright.

The best thing to do was to get home at once, so Jack took off his skates, and Harry took his arm and tried to drag him along.

It was a terrible undertaking to get to Rookwood; but they reached there at last, all three boys almost fainting from exhaustion.

[illegible] house was in a terrible state [illegible].

[illegible] in search of Phil except his mother, who ran out to meet them, and when she heard what had happened, she clasped him in her arms.

"My darling, we have been so frightened about you.

"Oh, Phil, how could you?"

"I'm sorry, mamma, I am indeed; I did not mean to be disobedient——"

"It was my fault," Harry Lawson interrupted.

"I persuaded him to come on the ice, I did, indeed.

"Please don't be cross with him because he was nearly drowned.

"It's all my fault!"

"No, it was mine, mamma. Uncle John told me not to go."

At that moment Uncle John returned, and though he would not allow Harry to take the blame of Phil's disobedience, he was not very severe; the boy looked so ill and seemed so sorry, and they were so very thankful to have him back safe again.

But Phil had to go to bed at once, for he seemed thoroughly chilled, and Jack and Harry were sent home in the dog-cart, as Mrs. Deane feared their parents would be anxious about them.

Phil had to spend the evening by himself in his own room, thinking over his disobedience, and how he had made every one unhappy and spoiled the day's pleasure, and how little he deserved the great kindness they all showed him.

After dinner, Uncle John came up and sat by him for a long time, talking earnestly, and trying to point out how much his disobedience might have cost both himself and others.

"These were the cause of it, Phil," he said, taking up the pretty skates.

"Disobedience, a broken promise, your life risked, all our terrible anxiety.

"What shall I do with them, my boy?" Uncle John said, gravely.

"Take them away, Uncle John, please, and never give them back till I'm a better boy," Philip said, humbly.

And he took them, promising to return them when Phil asked for them.

There was a long frost and plenty of fun on the pond that winter, but Philip never went there once, for he resolved not to ask Uncle John for them till Christmas came again, and when he did get them to make better use of Santa Claus' gift than he had done before.

◆

[illegible].—One evening, just as it grew dark, an industrious mother, who had been busy in the fields during the day, came home with her two children.

On the table was a lighted lamp.

George, seeing it was astonished.

"Why," he cried, "there has been no one here, and yet the light is lit!"

"Ah," said little Gretchen, "who else could it have been if not father.

"He has no doubt returned from the city."

The two immediately bustled around in search of him, and found him in an adjoining room.

The next day the whole family were sacking hay on the big meadow.

The sun shone unusually bright, and the children, made happy by the sunshine, were boisterous in their joy.

The father looked upon them with loving eyes.

"My little ones," he said at length, "yesterday you knew I was home, because you found the lamp lighted.

"And when you see yonder great light ablaze in the heavens, should you not know [illegible]

[illegible]

"Why certainly," replied Gretchen; "who but God could do it.

"The smallest taper does not light itself, therefore there must be One, who has made these mighty lamps of night and day."

"Yes, so it is," added George hastily.

"The Lord made all.

"Sun, moon and stars, the grass, flowers and trees, everything we see is his handiwork."

The glories of the day and night,
Declare the great Creator's might.

P. H. D.

◆

HORSE FUN.—Carlyle told a story of two horses, illustrative of the sense of humor in animals.

Carlyle had a vicious old sow, which was the terror and tyrant of the farmyard. One day Carlyle was smoking his pipe outside his front door, when he heard shrieks of rage and agony combined from the back of the house.

He went round to see what was the matter. A deep drain had been opened across the yard, the bottom of which was still clay. Into this, by some unlucky curiosity, the sow had been tempted to descend, and being there found a difficulty in getting out.

The horses were loose. The pony saw the opportunity—the sow was struggling to extricate herself. The pony stood over her, and at each effort cuffed her back again with a stroke of the fore hoof. The sow was screaming, more from fury than pain. Larry, the horse, stood by watching the performance, and smiling approval, nodding his head every time the beast was knocked back into the clay, with the most obvious and exquisite perception of the nature of the situation.

◆

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

[illegible]

THE CONTENTED MAN.

THE unassuming cabbage growing up to maturity amidst the alternate showers and sunshine of spring, may be regarded as the prototype of the Contented Man. He would only be too glad if, like Joshua, he could make the sun and moon stand still; for, unmindful alike of the future and the past, he considers the present as his elysium.

Through his roseate glasses he looks out upon the world and pronounces all things good; the thorns and the thistles are hidden from his view, and there remain but the flowers to rejoice his eyes and to gladden his nostrils.

The works of sculptors, painters, and authors bear the marks of the individuality of their originators; and we all of us have [illegible] tendency to liken the lot and dispositions of others to our own.

The task must be an especially delightful one to the Contented Man, in the still but muddy waters of whose mind float only the well-fed gold and silver fish of fanciful prospects.

It is thus evident that he can scarcely be endowed with a highly reflective nature, nor indeed with an unselfish one.

The misery of the world is sufficiently apparent for the blindest to see it, and sufficiently deep and widespread to make the least unsympathetic of mortals sorrowful, and to appeal to their feelings to alleviate it as far as possible.

The man who is thoroughly contented must also be thoroughly selfish; and thus it is hardly matter for regret that there should be so little real contentment in the world.

This so-called virtue is too frequently but a synonym for sloth, indifference to the feelings of others, and mental feebleness.

It is not the stuff of which heroes are composed.

No Contented Man has ever yet made, or ever will, make, his mark in the world.

He stolidly sits on the rung of life's ladder on which the accident of birth has placed him, and gazes above and below him with equal indifference.

Why should he stir hand or foot? he asks himself.

He has got all that he wants; though, should a chance wind bear any good thing in his way, he accepts it, provided that no trouble be essential to the act of acquisition.

The 'toilers and moilers' are in his opinion but silly fools in pursuit of some Will-o'-the-wisp of fortune, which will vanish, to leave them in the darkest slough of despond.

He sees others go past him hand-over-hand up the ladder; but it is without a pang.

And when some less fortunate strugglers around him are ingulfed in the dark waters of ruin, and pray to him for a helping hand, he moves not an inch.

Why should he?

Is he not himself contented?

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;" but the contented man has nothing to do with hope—unless, indeed, it be that his condition may remain unchanged to the end of the chapter.

Its bright star does not shine for him, and he is happy without it.

He is a phosphorescent individual, emitting sufficient light for himself, though it may be darkness for others.

Egotism is his salient characteristic; not an obtrusive egotism, for that would be much too energetic to accord with his disposition, but an egotism which is nevertheless none the less real.

On the whole, he may be considered a comparatively harmless individual; and whilst doing no injury to others, he does them but little good.

◆

THE FATAL NUMBER THIRTEEN.—English papers tell an amusing story of a well known banker of Liege, Belgium. A short time ago he gave a little dinner party to which ten guests had been invited, besides himself and wife, twelve in all. They were just about to sit down when in dropped a friend from the Antipodes and invited himself to dinner. The banker, to prevent ill-luck, rushed down stairs to his office, found the cashier about to leave for the evening, dragged him up stairs, fitted him with a dress coat, and led him triumphantly into the drawing-room amid the applause of his guests, three of whom declared that they would not sit down to the best dinner ever served if there were thirteen at the table.

At that moment the bell rang, and a note brought for one of the guests whose wife had suddenly fallen ill, and who consequently was unable to remain.

Thirteen again! Gloom and despair; and the cashier, finding himself the Jonah of the evening, volunteered to depart. The banker saw him downstairs, and was expressing his regrets, when—joy!—the family doctor heaved in sight.

Him the host secured, and, happy in being able to offer the hospitalities of his table to his kind-hearted and sorely-tried employe the three returned to the drawing-room. Dinner was ordered to be placed upon the table, but, just as all was ready, the hostess—who was in delicate health, and who had [illegible] untoward events, fainted away, and had to be put to bed. Thirteen again! This time there was nothing for the cashier but to go and dine with what appetite he might at the nearest restaurant.

◆

[illegible]

BALLAD OF DEAD LOVERS.

BY I. D. K.

On what fair shore, fond lovers all,
Of bliss and beauty do ye stray?
Hath brave Leander cleft the thrall
Of nymphs within the watery way,
And joined his Hero where the day
Of joy for ever brightly beams,
To rest within her arms for aye,
In that dim, distant land of dreams?

Doth Juliet hear her Romeo's call?
And Helen roam with Paris gay?
Doth noble Launcelot and tall,
As in the old Arthurian lay,
Whisper soft vows of constancy
Within her ear whose name, meseems,
Was Guinevere—oh, tell, I pray—
In that dim, distant land of dreams?

Doth Egypt's queen imperial
Still smile on haughty Antony?
And he around whose brow did fall
Long locks of gold in rich array,
Endymion hight, doth he obey
Her amorous eyes who nightly gleams,
And lights the dance of nymphs and fay—
In that dim, distant land of dreams?

L'ENVOI.

Lovers, have joy while yet ye may
In garden, grove, by murmuring streams,
To meet, when falls life's twilight gray,
In that dim, distant land of dreams.

PAPERS AND EDITORS.

NEWSPAPER editors are personages with whom, in the mind of the public at large, there has always been associated a certain degree of mystery. There is no class of men whose work passes so directly and constantly before the public eye; yet there are few with regards to whose real position and functions more vague, confused, or erroneous notions are entertained, even on the part of persons otherwise well informed. And everyone who is at all educated thinks he can be an editor. But it is quite erroneous for a young man to suppose that because he has had the advantages of a good school, writes with facility, and has a notion of such work, he can "take to journalism" and surmount all difficulties, as it were with a pair of seven-league boots.

Some years ago a young man wrote to a paper that he wanted to be an editor, and the reply which he received is well worth reproducing here. "Canst thou," asked the editor, "draw up leviathan with a hook thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale, and fry them at five minutes' notice? Canst thou write editorials to measure? Canst thou write an editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment, four inches for the beginning, and nine inches of humor in the middle, and an outburst of maxim and precept, six inches long, at the close?"

This will, of course, be regarded as a little facetious exaggeration on the part of the editor, and no doubt it was; but it really reflects certain necessary phases in the work of a journalist.

Important intelligence frequently arrives at the newspaper office within a short time of the paper going to press, and if the editor wishes to be upsides or ahead of his contemporaries, as most editors do, he must have a leading article on the subject in the same issue as that in which the news appears.

There is not a moment to be lost; indeed, there may be scarcely time to perform the mere mechanical operation of writing what has to be said, not to speak of hunting about for an idea, an appropriate quotation, or a choice of expression. These must all, in the language of the editor, be hooked up, cleaned, scaled and fried without delay.

Some editors who possess great facility in composition, employ a shorthand amanuensis, to whom they dictate their leading article and reviews. In an emergency, when time presses, the editor would dictate to his amenuensis a portion of his leader, writing the remainder himself while the first half was being transcribed from shorthand into printer's "copy."

The editor's work is not, of course, always done at this high pressure, which would soon wear out the mental and bodily powers of any man. Nor is the ability to turn out good work thus rapidly all that is required of the successful journalist. Upon the editor of a large daily paper devolves the direction of and oversight of a complex system, which, properly conducted, produces what may justly be described as one of the marvels of the nineteenth century, but which, if badly or injudiciously managed, would soon involve its promoters in financial ruin.

Of some of the difficulties against which the editor has to contend, none but practical newspaper men have any conception. Take, for example the question of space. It is a common fallacy among the general public that it must be a very difficult matter to find news to fill each day's paper. So far from this being the case, the ingenuity of editors and sub-editors is continually on the stretch to find space for even a selection of the most important news at their disposal. In the office of a leading daily newspaper there is often more matter thrown into the waste-basket, or struck out of manuscripts, than would suffice to fill the paper a dozen times over.

There is no profession in which a man stands more supremely on his merits than in that of journalism. In many others promotion is more a question of influence, of good fortune, or of time, than of actual working capacity. In journalism influence goes for little or nothing, unless there be on the part of the aspirant real efficiency to perform the work that has to be done. There never was greater competition in the press than at the present day, and that competition is more likely to increase than to diminish. It is becoming more and more a question of the survival of the fittest, and special eminence is ever more difficult to attain. The incompetent and inexperienced, therefore, must inevitably go to the wall.

Grains of Gold.

Keep the tongue from unkindness.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose.

The truly sublime is always easy and natural.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes want.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

It is in vain to gather virtues without humility.

Riches are apt to betray men unto rogues.

The souls of some men are in their clothes.

A sheep may slip into a slough as well as a swine.

He praises God best that serves and obeys Him most.

Nothing can atone for a want of modesty in woman.

One always has time enough if he will apply it well.

The mother grace of all the graces is Christian good-will.

For your own and your children's sake learn to speak gently.

Labor judiciously and continuously applied becomes genius.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, turn to thy books.

No padlocks, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature the more he requires from others.

A sunny face—The outward hung latch-string that invites to the home of the heart.

As many suffer from too much as from too little; a fat body often makes a lean mind.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.

It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad.

To live wholly for pleasure is wasteful dissipation, and must at last end in satiety and disgust.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis about like being flayed alive.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

Money is a good thing in its way, but money will not do as much for man as man will do for money.

The tongue of slander—The fountain of poison, black and bitter enough to contaminate the rivers of Joy.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says, has an enhanced value.

Rashness generally ends in folly or shame; young men are exhorted in Scripture to be sober-minded.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles, is to dream in the lap of folly.

The true grandeur of humility is in moral elevation sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.

The student should first study what he needs most to know; the order of his needs should be the order of his work.

Femininities.

The rule of three—for the third person to clear out.

Maine sold $125,000. worth of chewing-gum last season.

A scold and a blockhead—Brimstone and wood—a good match.

James Thompson's wife, of Trenton, N. J., has recently presented him with a double-tongued baby.

No woman should ever borrow the husband of another, because it isn't good for man to be a loan.

A North Carolina woman, 53 years old, has bought a pair of spectacles, and is going to school to learn to read.

An Ohio man writes that he wants for a wife "a inteleegent woman good feachures fair complection good hight."

At a recent wedding in Richmond the bride ate so much terrapin soup that the wedding tour had to be abandoned.

An old maid—The lonely leaf of a love-letter penned in a distant past, yellow with age, and fragrant as withered rose-leaves.

"I won't be whipped by any man except my husband," said a Boston woman; and she shot the fellow who was breaking that rule.

A most economical woman lives in Camden. After the death of her infant, she used the remainder of her soothing syrup to poison rats.

A man writes that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since.

There are four good mothers that have four bad daughters: truth hath hatred, prosperity hath pride, security hath peril, and familiarity hath contempt.

When the Rev. W. G. Richardson, of the Amherst (Mass.) Methodist Church, got sick a few days ago, his wife preached a sermon to the members of his church.

A young lady being vexed with her lover treated him so coolly that he asked permission to wear his ulster in the parlor. He said she made it warm enough for him after that.

A Brooklyn man has been sent to jail for kissing his girl good-night. This should teach Brooklyn young men to remain in a couple of hours longer and kiss her good-morning.

A brute beast of a man says that when you want to get the best of an argument with a young lady of 30, you should quietly lead off with, "Now, then, when a woman of your age," etc.

It is not true that Santa Claus will not put anything into a stocking in which there is hole. Last Christmas a society belle found a darning-needle and a ball of yarn in hers. It was decidedly suggestive, to say the least.

A commercial marriage: Father—"I congratulate you, Bertha; I have just arranged for your betrothal.". "To whom, papa?" "Hush, child; how could you be so inquisitive? It is as yet a business secret."

Women, as a rule, are honest and truthful. But we should like to meet that worthy dame who, upon being complimented upon her boots, will not immediately reply, "Yes, but they're two sizes too large for me."

The hairpin is used to button shoes and gloves, fasten garments, and in some neighborhoods supplies the place of the missing toothpick. The hairpin's latest use is to obtain a divorce, a wife having made affidavit that she had found a strange hairpin upon her husband's pillow.

Was it mere carelessness, or malice aforethought, that made the minister choose the text, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do," on a Sunday when the sermon was to be followed by the marriage ceremony between a sexagenarian lover twice left a widower, and a blushing widow of sixty-five?

Two women who were perfect strangers to each other, occupied the same seat in a railroad car. As the train passed Quincy, Mass., one of them pointed to a crowded burial-place near the track and said to the other, in a complacent tone: "I've got three of the best husbands layin' there that ever a woman had."

There first instance in America where a lady officiated as clergyman at a wedding ceremony was at Columbus, Ohio, a few days ago, when Mrs. Lydia G. Romick, the evangelist, performed the marriage ceremony for Charles Pim, of Damascus, Ohio, and Miss Emma Bryant. Both bride and groom are members of the Society of Friends.

A sleigh is not a safe place for a struggle between lovers. At Nebraska City a livery man was sued because the horse which he had let to a young couple ran away and threw them out of the sleigh; but he proved by the plaintiff's own testimony that a struggle for a kiss was the cause of the accident, and the jury acquitted the horse of all blame.

Some genius has invented a machine to play pianos. There will be a large demand for it. In the morning the machine can be set playing the piano in place of the daughter, and the later can help her mother. Or the owner can start the automaton and then go down town and let his neighbor do all the swearing. It no doubt possesses many other advantages.

A unique gift to ladies in England during the holidays was a handsomely and somewhat expensively-bound copy of the new "Married Woman's Property Act," that went into operation at the beginning of the year. The act had been printed in rather exultant type, with a flourish of margin, and was altogether as grateful to wives as suggestive to sweethearts.

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about 1 o'clock, very softly, denuded himself gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manœuvre, said: "Come to bed, you crazy fool—the baby ain't in the cradle."

News Notes.

There are 94 servants in Queen Victoria's household.

The walls of Westminster Abbey are crumbling.

Condensed elephants milk is beginning to be used as a tonic.

The town of Paris, Tex., has raised a potato five feet long.

Tadmor, Ga., boasts a citizen who can split 900 rails a day.

Artificial eyes have been found among Egyptian mummies.

The two-cent letter rate goes into effect the 1st of next October.

A man in Sunbury, Pa., recently married his son's wife's daughter.

In New York City there are over 10,000 rum-shops—one to every 125 inhabitants.

A Miss Clark has been appointed treasurer of a New Hampshire Savings Bank.

Cassius M. Clay attributes sunstrokes, as well as floods, to the destruction of forests.

The death of a cow from hydrophobia is said to have occurred the other day in Oglethorpe, Ga.

A resident of Woodbury, Tenn., but thirty years of age, has just married for the fourth time.

The ibis, lotus, and other Egyptian designs are features in the spring goods of the finest grade.

An Iowa town of 1,300 inhabitants is endeavoring to maintain twenty church organizations.

A sixteen-year-old lad of Moore county, North Carolina, measures 6 feet 4 inches from heel to crown.

Three hundred thousand persons have petitioned President Arthur for the pardon of Sargeant Mason.

Street railway conductors in Buffalo, N. Y., under a new rule, are required to give bonds in the sum of $50.

A band of thieves has recently been organized in Western Kansas under the name of "The Dirty Dozen."

Russia had last year 776 periodical publications, including newspapers. The largest circulation was 71,000.

The Bernese (Switzerland) Government has forbidden any meeting of the Salvation Army within the canton.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns exactly like those worn by university men, and made by the same tailor.

Ladies who have the inclination to flirt with other ladies' husbands, are now called in London "husband-snatchers."

The Japanese keep their fish in a reservoir till they are needed, and fresh vegetables are kept under trickling water.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, being requested to enforce the Sunday laws of that city, replied that he would not undertake any such thing.

A grain of iron may be divided into four million parts, and gold may be beaten so fine that it will take 1,300,000 leaves to make an inch in thickness.

In the Egyptian war one English bullet in every hundred did damage. In the Franco-German war more than thirty German shots in a hundred hit the enemy.

The meanest living man has been discovered in San Francisco. His exploit was the prosecution of a woman 96 years old for stealing three cents' worth of snuff.

Christine Nilsson says singers reach their maturity between the ages of 30 and 45. They may last until they are 60 without breaking down, but seldom go beyond that point.

The Rev. Russell Jennings, of Chester, Conn., aged 80 years, recently took a bride of 25, signalizing the event by giving $35,000 in shares of $5,000 to seven Baptist Churches in the vicinity.

The Czar Alexander III. surpasses all Europe in the size of his military suite, which numbers 348 persons, among whom are twelve members of the Imperial family. Ten nationalities are represented, including the Tartars.

A very wealthy American banker has brought an action before the French courts in Paris, against his wife, for having tried to pass as an unmarried lady in the eyes of a young Portuguese nobleman, a knight at the court of the King of Portugal.

A hollow tree in Southern California has been made into a dwelling. Doors and windows have been put in, and floors built for eight stories, the entrance being by means of a ladder. Outside the topmost room is a small balcony, shaded by the foliage of the tree.

The London Sunday Times announces that it is the latest fashion to announce a birth in the family to one's friends through the medium of a postal-card, as under—"Miss Amelia R—— begs to announce her birth. Mr. and Mrs. R. add their compliments to those of their daughter."

The Church of the Savior, at Vienna which has been in course of construction for twenty-six years, will cost, when finished, $1,874,000. It is erected as a perpetual thanksgiving for the preservation of the monarch's life. The foundation stone is a block of marble which was quarried on the Mount of Olives.

* * *

IT SHOULD BE THE BUSINESS OF EVERY ONE HAVING A COLD to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

A VISIT TO BEATTY'S ORGAN FACTORY.

From the New York Sun.

Washington, N. J., boasts of an organ manufactory where a complete instrument is turned out every twelve minutes. It is owned by the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of the city. The works and yards occupy thirteen acres. It contains 180 wood and iron working machines, 420 feet of line shafting, over two miles of leather belting, over seven miles of steam and water piping, three miles of electric wires, 320 Edison lights, 400 feet of speaking tubes, and a 500 horse-power engine, and it employs over 500 hands

All the scroll and fancy woodwork is done by machinery. The shrieking of the saws and planers sound as though a drove of pigs were being butchered. The dust from the saws and planers is sucked up through tin tunnels, carried to the engine room and used as fuel for the boilers. The water for the boilers is heated by the exhaust steam before it is turned into the boilers. Everything is done to preserve the lives and health of the employees. The hatchways open and close by machinery while the elevators are in motion. Even the turning of the reeds are done by steam.

Fity-five tuners are employed. Each is shut in a small cell by himself, where he listens to the monotonous music and nothing else during working hours.

Mr. Beatty asserts that he has the largest organ manufactory in existence. He claims that his instruments are of superior make and durability, and he challenges a trial with any other organ.

His sound boards are of cedar, so constructed that a leak is impossible, and his reeds are dovetailed and as firm as though cut from a solid block of brass.

While visiting Washington last week Mr. Beatty opened his books for the inspection of the writer.

They showed the following receipts from the sale of organs and pianos in February:

Week ending Feb. 3	$25,039
Week ending Feb. 10	20,939
Week ending Feb. 17	21,758
Week ending Feb. 24	26,184

The total for the shortest month of the year is $93,921, indicating a business returning nearly $1 200,000 a year. The books show that it is triple the business done in any previous February. In the twenty-four working days of last month, Mr. Beatty shipped 1,152 organs. He shut down for a week in January, to put in a new boiler; yet he shipped in that month 1,102 instruments. In the twenty-six working days in December he shipped 1,410 organs, 980 in November, 1,308 in October, and 1,151 in September. His shipments of pianos are not included. They average about 100 a week.

Mr. Beatty largest is the tax-payer in Warren county.

He seems to be a wealthy man aside from his organ and piano business.

He is the largest stockholder in the Washington Water Works, and he owns the most of the stock in the First National Bank of that city.

His manufactory cost him as it stands over $300,000. About eighteen months ago it was burned to the ground. In 120 days the present structure arose on the ruins of the old one. It is a third larger; yet its owner says that he is frequently driven night and day to fill his orders. The fire was a disastrous blow to his business, but by his indomitable energy and pluck he has overcome every obstacle, and to-day no man in New Jersey seems to stand higher in the business community. The most complete safe-guards against fire are found in the new manufactory. The building can be flooded at a moment's notice by water from the city and private mains.

Mr. Beatty's business success seems to be due to three causes. He makes a first-class organ, sells it cheaper than others, and he lets the public know it. As he is his own agent his customers get the percentages usually paid to agents. He is one of the heaviest advertisers in the country.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

A little boy went out to swim,
And took a cake of soap with him,
And slimed each supple little limb.

And when he on the bank arove
One long, last downward look he gove,
And then into the water dove.

And trying to regain the top,
In vain, alas! he tried to flop—
He went so fast he couldn't stop!

His limbs were soaped from heel to hip—
He couldn't get a half way grip—
For every time he tried he'd slip.

The water no resistance gave,
And so, beneath the murky wave,
H found a wet, untimely grave.

With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud
He struck the misty, moisty mud—
And turtles fatten on his blood.

We dedicate this little hymn
To little boys of supple limb
Who soap themselves before they swim.

Facetiæ.

A place where duty calls—The Custom House.

An anonymous article—A baby before it is christened.

A doctor's prescription is generally made up of vial stuff.

Expounders—Retired preachers and reformed pugilists.

A boy read the "good die young," and is now going to the bad for self-protection.

A man never knows what genuine poverty is until he has to shave with soft soap.

Benevolent—"I gave him a good start," as the ghost said when he had frightened a boy.

What law has been the greatest terror to evil-doers since the world began? The mother-in-law.

When a young man is alone with his best girl, he is generally supposed to be "holding his own."

In pocket-picking, as in almost everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

A joke and a boil are very much alike in one respect. We all think they are very funny things when they are on somebody else.

A writer on physiognomy would like to know if large ears denote a miserly disposition, why is a mule so apt to squander his hind legs?

It is related as a singular fact that fat men never commit crime. It doesn't seem so singular when you reflect that it is difficult for a fat man to stoop to do anything low.

No wonder the Senate reduced the tariff on barbed wire. Every Senator who ever tried to climb a fence made of that material well knows that barbed wire is fully able to protect itself.

A squaw refused to marry a Canadian Indian, and he took her scalp—a lock of her hair, as it were. She then married him, and it wasn't long before he hadn't hair enough for a scalp-lock.

The young man who called on his girl the other night and mistook the cat for the chair-cushion and sat down on it, says that he had no idea a cat could come up to the scratch on such short notice.

Scene, recitation-room in natural history. Instructor—"Frank, have you ever put your head down on any one's breast and listened to the heart-beats, as Huxley describes them?" Frank (blushing)—"Yes, sir."

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them together by the tails and flung them into the cellar of a church. The residents of the neighborhood heard the noise the animals made, but had an idea it was the choir rehearsing.

A five year-old child who went to school for the first time, came home at noon and said to her mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, my dear?" "She kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Ohio river was."

"O, yes," said the contented man, "I'm just as well satisfied that my horse isn't as fast as some. When I owned a trotter that could get away with anything on the road, I was front all the time and didn't half enjoy myself. Now I am behind most of the time, and can see all the fun."

A $10,000 Romance.

A true romance in real life recently took place in Louisville, Ky. The circumstances were these: Miss Aleene Vandercapt, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our well-known and esteemed druggist, had a well-known young gentleman, also of Louisville, paying her attentions, and both being possessed of a speculative spirit, and unknown to the other, purchased a $1 ticket in the Commonwealth Distribution Company. It so happened that each took a half ticket with the same number, and when the drawing terminated they had drawn $5,000 each, their number having drawn the $10,000 prize. When the young gentleman called to tell his good fortune, his surprise was great to find his sweetheart was also entitled to congratulations. Of course, a wedding soon followed, for it was self-evident they were intended for each other, and the young gentleman is now the owner of a prosperous business, and at his request we refrain from giving his name also. Now let all young gentlemen and ladies go and do likewise. Address R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Read Relief.
MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Looseness, Diarrhoea, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.
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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.. Price, 50 cents.

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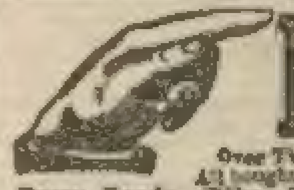

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[illegible] Photo Cards [illegible] & pictures [illegible] $1. Send photo [illegible] Sample book of all styles [illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed. E. F. EATON & Co., Northford, Ct.

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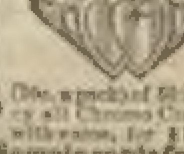

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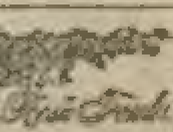

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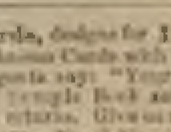

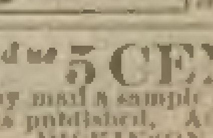

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40 new (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Soddy, Tenn., March 9, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

N. C.

South Harpswell, Me., March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

N. A. T.

Rossville, Pa., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

E. N. M.

Shellbina, Mo., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. A.

Longview, Ky., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. A. W.

Eklo, Md., March 10, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

S. L. .C

Lexington, Mo , March 9, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

V. L. W.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

C. D.

Coon Island, Pa., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. M. T.

Burton, Tex, March. 6, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. H. L.

Nantucket, Mass., March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Elkton, Neb., March 7, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

R. H. M.

Flushing, N. Y., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. W.

St. George, Utah., March 5, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. H. G.

Beerville, Tex., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

B. F.

Lewiston, Idaho, March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. E. B.

Parnell, Ky., March 9, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. M. L.

Tex., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I re...ved your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

F.M. W.

Humorous.

Why are heavy showers like heavy drinkers? Because they generally begin with little drops.

To go behind the ear of a sweet-faced woman to kiss her, is like chewing the of bark a peach tree in winter and imagining the peaches were just ripe.

Sullivan may be the champion heavy weight, but we will put up forfeit money that the champion light weight of this country is a ton of coal.

A Camden youth begged a belle of that city to give him something he could wear next his heart. And she sent him a red flannel chest-protector.

The poet who declared that earth had nothing softer than a woman's heart, evidently knew nothing of the head of the dry-goods clerk who came to see her.

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain, but you can approximate it by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to keep perfectly still.

The average age of a hog is only fifteen years. This always gives us some consolation when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a street-car.

A country paper says, "Our brass band was out in full force on Saturday evening, and played several pieces as, we are glad to believe, only they could play them."

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

"Mr. Ethan Lawrence, my townsman," says Dr. Philip C. Ballou, of Monckton, Vt., "was bloated from kidney disease. The skin of his legs shone like glass. Kidney-Wort cured him." Apr. 20-82.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"Tell my brother soldiers," writes J. C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., "and all others, too, that Kidney-Wort cured my 20 years' liver disorders. Publish it, please, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

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KIDNEY-WORT

Another Bank Cashier escapes. George H. Horst, Cashier of Myer-town, Pa., Bank, said, recently: "Kidney-Wort cured my bleeding piles."

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THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time

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"Kidney Wort has given immediate relief, in many cases of rheumatism, falling under my notice."—Dr. Philip C. Ballou, M.D., Monckton, Vt. Apr. 20-82.

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50 Chromo or 40 Transparent cards with name and Handsome Present, 10c. Gem Card Co., E. River, Ct.

An Old Soldier's
EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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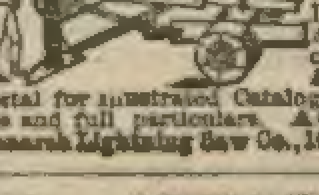

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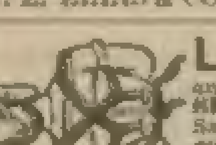

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Containing his likeness, autograph, sketch by his own hand, and two poems. Agents wanted. Samples 25 cents. DICKINSON & CO., 19 West 11th St., N. Y.

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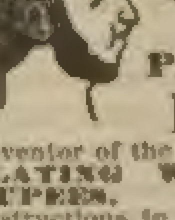
AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl Street, New York.



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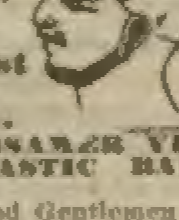

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
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TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Ten days earlier than any other cabbage, and producing well-formed conical heads remarkably large size for so early a ripener. Whoever plants it will be amazed at its early maturity; and if he be a market-gardner, will be able to place it in the market ahead of all competitors.

We have reports of this variety reaching ten pounds in weight remarkable considering its extreme earliness.

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The symptoms are, moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; three boxes, $1.25, (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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THIS OFFER HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED! YOUR NAME in NEW COPPER TYPE on 20 Pearl Beveled Gilt Edge Cards with lapped corners, 10c. 11 packs and the beautiful keepsake needle casket for $1.00. The Largest Album of samples ever sold with Grand Catalogue of Costly Presents, 40c. Blank Cards a Specialty. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn.

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UNION PUBLISHING CO., Winsted, Conn.

RUPTURE! Cured by Dr. J. B. MAYER, 831 Arch St., Phila. Entirely cured me from severe rupture. Geo. Lechel, 2169 Philip St. Sworn before me Jan. 20, '83. W. P. Becker, Magts. Ct. 14, Phila.

50 Chromo Cards, best in the market, with name 10c. "Beautiful Decalcomanie Album" with 130 Pictures, 25 cents; 5 for $1.00.
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SILK PATCHWORK made easy. Blocks of all sizes in 100 Elegant colors. Send 4 3c. stamps for Samples. Gem Silk Co., New Haven, Ct.

40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents.
C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

40 CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto and Chromo, Love-letter and Case, name in gold and jet, 10 cents. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE mixture of blue and red is still a favorite one; and I must describe a pretty costume of cashmere and cloth in which the two colors were prettily combined.

The main part of the skirt was a deep, box-pleated piece of dark blue cashmere, which reached from the paniers to within about nine inches of the edge, and underneath this an underskirt was formed by, first of all, a kilted flounce of red silk, and over this an embroidered flounce of cashmere.

The pointed bodice was cashmere, the sleeves tight fitting with cuffs turned back with red cloth, and the cape which was kilted, and of cashmere, was lined, so as to show a narrow line at the edges, with red silk.

The paniers came from under the point of the bodice in front, and formed a drapery behind, and under these falling in two corners as if there was a jacket of it; beneath the bodice there was a flat drapery of red cloth.

This is rather an awkward description, I fear; but if anyone will take the trouble to imagine a pointed bodice and paniers worn over a coat of cloth, they will understand how it looked, and the effect of the three corners was really very pretty, both materials being very dark in color.

The hat was of felt to match the cashmere, with feathers of the same shade and pompons of red silk, and a muff was made of the cashmere and lined with red silk.

Some of the gray costumes are very pretty, the tones of color are so soft, and hats of plush or beaver of the same shade are very becoming, while dark red or scarlet lights up the Quakerish tints and makes the costumes very bright and elegant.

Short dresses of white satin and lace have been worn quite a great deal by young ladies all winter at small entertainments, and during Lent will be found particularly serviceable for such purposes.

An unusually pretty model for a little toilette of this description has a narrow skirt, not quite two yards round, which is laid in broad plaits right at the back, and has no other fulness.

At the foot is a broad ruche, composed of a plaiting of the material four inches in depth, set on spirally.

The bodice is very short over the hips, and has a long, sharp point in the front and back.

Paniers are carried over the hips, and terminate under a short pouf of the material behind.

The sleeves are short, mere little puffs of the material trimmed with lace.

Elbow sleeves can, of course, be substituted, if preferred.

The neck opens slightly in oval shape, and is trimmed with revers.

Underneath is set a ruching of lace. In the original model this dress is made of white brocade.

The ruche, and the sleeves and revers are of plain white satin.

It is very easily carried out at home, and in this form would require eleven yards of brocade and five of satin.

It would also be very pretty made all of surah or satin rhadames, both of which are now being sold at wonderfully reduced prices.

Pale blue would make up very effectively as well as white.

Another pretty model for this sort of dress has the skirt finely plaited on the front and sides, and these plaits broken twice, once above the knees and again near the foot of the dress, by a band of shirring, four inches wide.

Below this lower band two rows of lace, superposed, fall over a narrow balayeuse of satin.

The bodice is in one with the paniers and back drapery, forming a sort of polonaise. The material is laid in two rows of folds from the neck to the waist, on the front, making a sort of fichu trimming. The paniers fall rather low.

They are edged with lace.

The back draping is full and carried down low on the underskirt.

A band of white satin ribbon passes round the waist and ties with two long loops and ends in front.

Another knot of satin ribbon is at the throat.

A drapery of lace is set at the back of the neck, under more short loops and ends of ribbon, and is carried in watteau style to below the waist, where it mixes with the looping of the drapery.

Elbow sleeves finished with lace and bows of ribbon.

For this model, surah is pretty, or satin surah, or, if something still more inexpensive is desired, nun's veiling.

Oriental lace does nicely for the trimming.

White or pale blue would produce the best effect in this model, at least if veiling were used.

Pale pink we never recommend in woolens, however fine, as there are few cases in which they escape looking somewhat common.

In pale pink surah, however, the model described might be very pretty.

As a relief among the whites, blues and pink, almost exclusively to be seen at informal evening entertainments, pale gray and lemon colors are beginning to be occasionally introduced.

The latter, though employed in cashmere and veiling, with trimmings of white lace or embroidery, is, like rose color, much prettier in surah or satin surah.

The following model would make up charmingly in lemon colored surah:—Short skirt bordered by a narrow box-plaiting, above which is a puff five or six inches high —narrow drapery of the material carried over the edge of the plain bodice in six or seven wrinkled folds, and edged with a row of white lace, under which is another row of lace, followed by a second pleating of surah.

This same disposition of trimming, first the drapery and then the four flouncings, two of lace and two of surah alternately, is repeated a second time, thus covering the entire front of the dress.

It is all arranged in apron fashion, namely, drawn up higher on the sides than in the middle.

The back is simply trimmed with a Leviathan bow, this being a broad sack ribbon, with fringed ends, tied in two long flat loops, the ends hanging nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

This bow is set up on the edge of the bodice.

With the lemon colored surah toilets we are suggesting it should be of the plain, stiff satin ribbon.

The neck is cut out in a deep point, under which is placed a chemisette of tulle or crepe lisse, mixed with lace.

A fichu of lace is carried over the shoulders on both sides of the opening, and narrows below the point, into the waist. The elbow sleeves have cuffs of lace.

Sicilienne is used for young ladies' half-evening dress a great deal, and has a richer appearance than surah or satin surah. It is also more expensive.

Crepe de chine is another material which for such purposes, as well as for full, long evening toilets, cannot be too often recommended.

In the new Nile green it is simply exquisite. We saw one toilet of this sort which was most charming.

The front was covered with flounces of embroidered crepe de chine. The bodice was square back and front, sharply peaked, and faced behind.

There were mere straps in lieu of sleeves over the shoulders. But under these straps, enclosing the upper part of the arm, was a little drapery of white crepe lisse, growing broader as it passed under the arm.

A chemisette of crepe lisse also showed above the square of the bodice back and front.

The train was long, surrounded by a broad ruche, and gathered up into a few full folds over the large tournure.

The sharp point of the bodice was half hidden among this fulness of the back drapery.

Ruches composed of three or four different colors are coming to the front in a way which makes it evident that they will become one of the decided and universal styles in the near future.

No very long vogue can be predicted for them, however, as caprices of fashion of this description are always short-lived. This one in particular is in its very best epoch now, as it has not yet become common. A reception dress worn on one of her "days at home" by a society leader the past week was of black satin, with a front of cream satin brocaded in large red bouquets.

A flounce of Chantilly was carried down on either side of this front, being laid flat against it.

The ruche on the bottom of the plain satin train was composed of red and black satin.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

CROSS-STITCH still remains the popular needlework throughout Europe. At the exhibition of the *Arts Decoratifs* in Paris, splendid and quaint specimens are now to be seen.

Most conspicuous are the tablecloths and dinner serviettes, wrought either on plain or damask linen.

One set is worked as a wedding present to a German princess.

The stitchery is most elaborate, representing, in a frame of about five inches, heraldic animals, mottoes, &c.

Other patterns show peacocks, swans, and cocks, generally reproduced in the lighter style, which consists in having the ground closely covered by the square stitch, whilst the design is simply outlined, the interior being left blank or merely veined, allowing the foundation of the material to stand out boldly against the filling; a few finishing dashes and scrolls are added in the delicate back stitch known as "Holbein."

Some of the modernized imitations, for which prizes were awarded, displayed a grounding of French knots instead of the mediæval cross-stitch.

In other variations the designs appeared in chain-stitch, or in a graceful combination of lace stitches executed over the ground. Whether these devices are exactly suited to washing materials is a matter of consideration to the worker.

They answer admirably for tablecovers, curtains, &c., but whether they will stand the pressure of mangle or iron, is doubtful. One point specially noticeable, is that these antique tablecloths are divided into three or four breadths joined by quarter-inch insertions executed in a sort of open herringbone stitch, and worked in silk or cotton to match the prominent color of the embroidery. Through this lace seam passes a tiny cord of contrasting color, or a metallic thread, its ends forming little tufts that mingle with the handsome fringe.

This fringe is the indispensable edging of all table napery of this description; the strands are ravelled out from the material itself and plaited elaborately, sometimes brightened up by added strands of the various cottons used in the ornamentation. For long tables three breadths are usual, but for round and square ones four breadths seem most convenient.

In this case the border is also carried all round, and at each junction the pattern mounts to the centre, the open ground gradually lightening, and, when well managed, the embroidery merges at the meeting point in the centre into a beautiful rosace.

No doubt these panelled covers were customary in the olden times, when linen was only manufactured in small widths, and had to be joined by the pretty lace seam frequently referred to by old authors. Of the numerous smaller exhibits there is very little to say; they consist mainly of chair-backs, night dress sachets, and collars, the beauty of which rests solely in the clever adaptation of the conventional designs. As to the coloring, blue and red have almost the monopoly.

A celebrated manufacturer of knitting cotton exhibited a band of canvas, on which is reproduced a multi-colored Berlin pattern as a proof that cotton is now able to rival wool in all its shades, and almost in its thickness.

In looking at these brilliant colors, the peculiar taste of Swedish women is recalled to mind.

They still don for their Sunday attire a muslin kerchief, ormented with thick and continuous borders of cross-stitch in black silk.

This taste is rather singular, considering the general smartness of their dress; yet the fashion must be universal, if one may judge by the quantity of these fichus sent last year to the South Kensington Museum.

Next to these sober-looking specimens were a few bright-colored ones glittering with metallic threads.

Whilst on the subject of Swedish work, it would be well to mention a quilt, also at the Kensington Museum, composed of squares of guipure, alternating with others in linen.

Both patterns have been carefully selected to harmonize together.

The threads and design of the guipure were substantial enough to go well with the homespun linen, for every part of the quilt was the result of the exhibitor's own industry.

In the centre of each linen square appeared a star of cross-stitch, worked on three and four threads instead of the ordinary two.

Red and blue cotton were used interchangeably, and the two colors also brightened up the guipure border.

The Holbein stitch, also frequently employed on the Swedish chemises, aprons, towels, and quilts, displayed, as a rule, two colors—one introduced in the first spaced row, and the other in the second row when the blanks are filled in.

Here green, violet, and black form an addition to the classical blue and red of Central Europe.

To return to Paris, the latest novelty in cross-stitch are ornamental strips of leather—some two inches in width, sold ready-pricked with a running design, to be marked out by the square stitch in floss silk; but in this instance both the coloring and device are copied from Berlin wool patterns.

Others of conventional stamp are reserved for narrow bands of canvas, outlined by inch borders of raised balls worked in white wool tricot.

As a guide for the stitches on plush or velvet, the material preferred is a coarse brown one, used for packing, the threads of which are very easily pulled out.

A better quality of this linen makes very tasteful and serviceable chairback; from each edge of the ecru ground springs formal flowers in chestnut-colored silk, finished off with a silk fringe and sarsanet lining of corresponding color.

Correspondence.

M. J.,—(Monticello, N. Y.)—See answer to J. L. R.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

J., (Edgefield.)—The "Journal of Commerce," Phila., Pa., would no doubt suit you.

ANXIOUS, (Phila., Pa.)—The company is just the same as played at the legitimate theatre.

SUBSCRIBER, (Phila., Pa.)—There are about 2500 different languages and dialects in the world.

MRS. S., (Fenville, Ga.)—We have no doubt the article is as good, if not better, than those in general use.

EDNA, (Camden, N. J.)—We do not know the poem "Charlie McGee." Perhaps some of our readers may.

E. D., (Peshtigo, Wis.)—It would be altogether impossible for many reasons for us to republish the stories mentioned.

I. L. R., (Bowling Green, Ky.)—We do not know of any such firm, and think you had better not have anything to do with them.

A. L.—The Woman's Exchange of New York was a failure, we believe, and is no longer in existence. Miss Kate Field was the President.

I. S. F., (Princeton, Ind.)—We think the puzzle can be solved, but we have not the time to attempt it. There are books which explain how this is done, as well as thousands of others just as interesting.

W. A. S., (Decatur, Iowa.)—Write to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., and you will probably get the information desired. For ourselves we do not think there is any such free land.

R. S., (Caledonia.)—Of course this a matter no one can guard against. But, as a rule, it is well to distrust promises that pretend to give you a fortune for little or nothing.

O. C., (Pottstown, Pa.)—The style of writing is called backhand, and sometimes lawyer's script. Address Bryant & Stratton's Business College, Phila., Pa. about learning it.

I. G. T., (Phila., Pa.)—No. It may be well meant, but it is bad taste, if not impertinence, to give a lady change for a church collection. Such an attention has nothing to recommend it, and is founded, to say the least of it, on ignorance.

L. A. F., (Stafford.)—The taking of such stories would soon be discovered, and to the discredit of the person who offered them. They are always copyrighted. 2. It depends upon their merit and the name of the author, and amounts from nothing to hundreds of dollars a story.

W. E. H., (Sexton, Ind.)—1. We know nothing of the firm. 2. We have never seen the allusion. Possibly it referred to Charlotte Corday, who assassinated Marat. 3. Write to Peterson & Co., Publishers, this city, for the book mentioned. 4. We think 66 feet above the usual level.

CHAS. McC., (Voorhies, Ill.)—We think you would do well to try and make a profession of music. It certainly can do no harm under the circumstances. As a piano-tuner, teacher, and guitar instructor, you ought to make a good living, having, as we think, earnestness and ability. At any rate, should you not do well, you can return to farm-work. Make the trial.

C. L., (Shelburne.)—1. "Brainard's Musical Monthly" is published in Cleveland, O. It is a first-rate publication, and well worth the subscription. 2. We do not know the firm. They may be all right, but they are certainly not prominently known. D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., is the best party we know of in the trade. From him you will get a good and cheap piano, on the most favorable terms.

F. B.—1. It was supposed to be 80,000,000 miles in length. 2. The interior heat of the earth, which at a certain depth is so great as to melt any known substance, comes in contact with subterranean springs of water which subsequently make their way to the surface. 3. The early church in order to settle certain differences as to Easter, ordered that it should be observed on the first Sunday after the full moon, which occurred after the Spring Equinox, the 21st of March. This is the cause of its celebration on different days.

K. W., (Aurora, N. Y.)—1. Stories are best written on foolscap paper, but only on one side of the sheet. This is for convenience of handling by the compositor. 2. Authors are paid according to their reputation and the merit of their work. Some may get nothing, while of those paid, one may receive fifty times as much as another. 3 They have a corps of writers who supply them with all, and more than they want. 4. They are simply addressed to the editor. 5. Your writing is very good, and we do not see where it needs improvement.

INQUIRER, (Montana.)—1. Parry, of England, in 1827 reached within seven and a half degrees of the North Pole. 2. A spirit thermometer should register any ordinary degree of cold with accuracy if large enough. Spirit of wine has not yet been frozen, though at 100° below zero it becomes slightly thickened. The lowest recorded artificial temperature yet attained is 220° below zero. 3. Your handwriting is excellent for business purposes. We only guess at character from chirograpy, not pretending to know. We should say you were neat in your dress and general ways, with a tendency to flourish or dash. You are likewise liberal and systematic. You are, however, anxious to get through a matter too quick at times. This is the only weak spot your writing shows.

KITTIE & CARRIE, (Wilson, Tex.)—1. We cannot tell you what love is. It has puzzled man since the world began, and is as much a secret as ever. We think, however, when you are in love you will know, and so will other people. Ask your mother, or some of your friends who have lovers, for information on the subject. We might fill the POST a hundred times over, and then not begin to tell how you ought to act. The main thing is never to forget you are ladies. 2. In our judgment it is quite right, in fact, almost imperative, upon those who are engaged to kiss each other. Do not correspond with every man who asks you. This is a matter you should be very particular about. Those whom you know long and intimately, may come in for such honors, but few or no others. Your writing is good, but can be much improved.